

Brevi complector singula
cantu.

Q. Horatius Flaccus virginus

Vt assequar



ODES
OF HORACE

The best of Lyrick

Poets,

Contayning much
morallity, and
sweetnesse.



Selected,

Translated and
in this Edition
reviewed, and
enlarged with
many more.

by S. T. M.
1631.

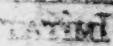
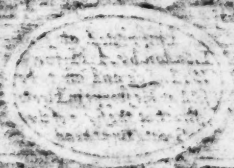
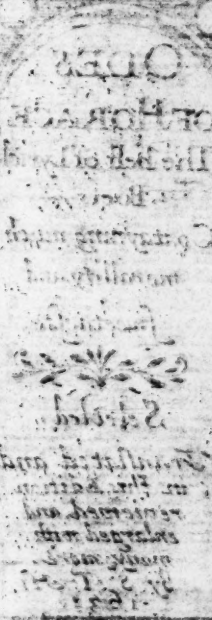


LYRICA POESIS

Imprinted at
London by A. M. for
W. L. and are to be
sold at his shoppe in Fleet
street at the signe of the
Grained North house

IMITATIO

Forrest 1631





To the Reader.

FRIENDLY, and generous Reader, I present not *Horace* to thee, in his native lustre, nor Language. Take these rather (if so thou please) for a reflection, from that brighter body of his living *Odes*. Behold in them *Morality* touched, and *Virtue* heightened, with clearenesse of Spirit, and accuratenesse of Judgement. These haue I selected amongst many, not with desire to prescribe the same choise to others, as a rule; nor yet with any diffidence in my own election. *Abundat quisque suo sensu*. When in a Garden we gather a *Coronet* of Flowers, wee intend not the totall beauty of that faire piece of prospectiue, but particular ornament, and entermingled delight. These supply both. But many (no doubt) will say, *Horace* is by me forsaken, his *Lyrick* softnesse, and emphaticall

To the Reader.

Muse maymed: That in all there is a generall defection from his genuine Harmony. Those I must tell, I have in this Translation, rather sought his Spirit; then Numbers; yet the *Musique* of Verse not neglected neither, since the English ear better heareth the *Distick*, and findeth that sweetnesse, and ayre in these proportions, which the *Latine* affecteth, and (questionlesse) attaineth in *Saphick* or *Iambick* measures. Some will vrge againe, why were not these Wreathes of morall, and serious Odes, for the more variety, and generall entertainment of most, mixed with his wanton and looser straines of *Poesie*? These I answer, and with it conclude; The *Translatour* of these, had rather teach Vertue to the modest, then discover Vice to the dissolute. The streames of *Helicon*, are cleare, and ChrySTALLINE. Drinke thou goodnesse from these purer Fountaines, whilest such take vnhappy draughts, from the troubled and muddy waters of *Sensuality*.

To



To the Translatour.

WHat shall I first commend: your happy choice
Of this most vsfull *Poet* ? or your skill,
To make the *Eccho* equall with the voice,
And trace the Lines drawne by the *Authors* quill:
The *Latine* Writers by vnlearned hands,
In forraine Robes vnwillingly are drest,
But thus inuited into other Lands,
Are glad to change their tongue at such request.
The good, which in our minds their labours breed,
Layes open to their Fame a larger way.
These Strangers *England* with rich plenty feed,
Which with our Countreys freedome we repay:
When sitting in pure Language like a Throne,
They proue as great with vs, as with their owne.

Iohn Beaumont Bar.

In Fidelissimum HORATII inter-
pretem T. H. Equitem
Auratum.

(glus
A Nglia nunc Musis dominatur; Horatius An-
Letatur. Lyrico victaq; Roma suo est;
Talia, linguarum Dominam mirabere posse
Dicere; non magis est, hæc potuisse, rudem?
Flaccus mutatur, remanet sed candor in Illo;
Plumeus, in doctas, concidit imber, aquas;
Sic tibi gentis honos, nostræ tibi debita linguae
Gloria; & Angliacæ Laurea Vittæ Comæ.

F. L. Eq. Aur.

To



To his worthy Friend, Sr. T. H.
Knight, vpon his Translation.

WHile to thy Time the Lyrick Poet sings,
And takes new graces frō thy tuned strings;
Behold, whole Quires of Muses, ready stand,
To beg like fauour at thy curious hand.
Who would not ioyne with them, and moue the same,
That sees this One so happy in thy Name?
We, whom the Romans held for dull and weake,
Now teach their best of Poets how to speake.
They need not lay to thee, the want of skill,
Of Musick, or of Muses, hee that will,
May heare them both exprest by thee, in vaines
Equall, if not beyond the Roman straines.

George Fortescue.

To my Noble Friend, Sir T. H. Knight.

An Ode in pure Iambick feet.

I Knew before thy dainty tuch,
Vpon the Lordly Violl:
But of thy Lyre who knew so much
Before this happy triall?
So tuned is thy sacred Harpe,
To make her *eccho* sweetly sharpe.

I wote not how to praise incugh
Thy Musick and thy Muses:
Thy Glosse so smooth, the Text so tough,
Be Iudge, who both peruses.
Thy choice of *Odes* is also chaste,
No want it hath, it hath no waste.

A grace it is for any Knight,
A stately Steed to stable:
But vnto *Pegasus* the light
Is any comparable?
No Ccurser of so comly Cors,
Was euer as the winged *Horse*.

S. Phi Sidney. That *Astrophill*, of Arts the life,
a *Knight* was, and a *Poët*:

S. Geof. Chan. cer. So was the Man, who took to wife
The Daughter of *La-Roët*.

So thou that hast reseru'd a part,
To rouse my *Iohnson*, and his *Art*.

Receiue the while my lowly Verse
To waite vpon thy Muses:
Who cannot halfe thy worth reuerse,
My braine that height refuses.
Beneath thy *Meede* is all my praise;
That, asks a Crowne of holy *Baies*.

Hugh Holland.

In laudem Authoris.

Oda,

In quâ Versiones nonnullæ ab eodem
factæ prænotantur.

Qualis Sonoro voluitur alveo
Uernis Hydaspes imbribus insumens,
Ripæque debellator undas
Per teneras rapit annis herbas.

Horatiano talis ab æquore

Lingua decorus flumine patriæ

Manas, & inspiras amorem

Cordibus, imperio Camæne.

Seu cantu auritis Regibus editum

Heroa promissis: seu violentius

Vndas retorquentem minacis

Tibridos in dominam Orbis urbem

Cantas Etrusci litoris aggerem:

Visa ipse purus seu canis intè gram;

Raptumque non deduci ab Orco

Quintilium lacrymis perurges.

Per te Dianam dicere Virgines

Nouere. Diuam, quæ regis Antium,

Eheu! quid urges in Britannos

Cæsareis comitem ire iurmis?

Nunc quaris auro quis color abditæ.

Nunc mentis ornas æquanimæ fidem.

Nunc Mystis extincti calores

Plerijs moderatis undis.

Tandem beatoruris in otio

Laudas agentes. His tibi sæcula

Post mille duraturum, & ultra

Carminibus monumentum adornas.

Mæcenat
Ataus, &c.
Iam facti
terru, &c.

Integer vides
&c.
Quis desiderio
&c.
Dianam sen-
sa, &c.
O Diuaga-
tum, &c.

Nallus argen-
to, &c.
Equam mo-
mento, &c.
Non semper
imbre, &c.
Beati illi,
qui, &c.
Exspiciunt
mentem, &c.

G. D.



HEXDECASYLLABON

In laudem Auctoris.

Concinna, pariles, lyraq; insta,
Chordis equanimes, paresq; chordis,
Natura dociles sonare lege,
Et nervo parili sonare nervo,
Sunt Flacco similes, tibiq; (vates)
Qui transfers, resonas, sonumq; Flacci
Reddis dissimili, pariq; voce.

Quam primum facilis chelys sonora
Percurrit digitus, feritq; chordas,
Nam voces iidem pares sonanti
Refert: et fidei fides sonanti,
Vibratam geminat, refertq; vocem.
Sic Flacci resonas refertq; vocem,
Reddis dissimilem paremq; vocem.

Quam par chorda chelys, chelysq; chorda,
Et compar fidei fides sonara;
Quam sincera fides utriusq; nervi,
Iam Nervosa fides tua Camena,
Iam sincera fides tua Camena
Vates singula qui refert fidelis.

E. H.

V. Cl.



V. Cl. T. H. Equiti Aurato,
Suo.

A Nglica Romani iam prodit Musa leporis
Æmula, nec cæptis excidit illa suis.
Quàm sibi Narcisso similis Narcissus in undis,
Tam similis nostras Elacce Poeta tibi.
Quàm similis linguae rediuiuis Vocibus Echo
Permeat ethereas, Nympha canora, plagas,
Tam similis Lyricæ respondet nostra Camæne,
Romanumq; melos Anglica plectra mouent.
Romanas tenuit Romanus Horatius aures,
Nunc Anglas Anglus non tenet ille minus.
Nam quod dulce sonat Romanis Appula Musa,
Hoc resonas Anglis Cantia Musa tuis.

I. CHAPPERLINVS.

ANA-



ANAGRAMMA
In nomen Auctoris. T. H.
Ad Lectorem.

*Quis cecinit nosti; Iam nomen consule, versus
Perlege, et inuenies, Hos (tibi) Musa canit.*

H. E.

REader, this* Asterisce will direct
thee to the *Odes* newly inserted in
this second Edition.

ODES



ODES OF HORACE.

The First Booke.

Ode. I.

TO MÆCENAS.

*All things please not all men. HORACE most
especially affecteth the name of a Lyrick Poet.*

Macenas atavis.

MÆcenas) sprung from Grandfire Kings descende,
O, my defence, and sweetest ornament;
There are, who in their Chariots speedy flight,
To rayse Olimpique dust, doe take delight.

And

And hauing with chaff'd wheelles, the goale declin'd,
For Conquest's meed, haue stile of gods assign'd.

This man, if wauering Citizens contend,
His worth, with threefold Honours to commend:

That other, if he in his Garnier stores,
What euer hath beene swept from *Lybian* flores,
From painefull Tillage, and the Countreys loue,
The wealth of *Attalus* can neuer moue
Him as a Marriner in feare of losse,

With *Cyprian* Barke *Myrtian* Seas to crosse.

When Southwest windes, *Icarian* billowes raise,
The Merchant rest, and Country graunge doth praise;
Straight his torne Vessell, he repayres againe,
The force of want vnable to sustaine.

Some others vse, old *Mastique* Wines to ply,
Nor from the day, to take some part deny;
Now, seeking vnder *Arbut's* shade to cling,
Now neere the soft head of some gentle Spring.

In Tones, and Trumpets Eccho some delight,
Mixt with the Flute, and Warres that Mothers fright,
In Fields the Hunter on the coldest day,
Forgetfull of his tender Wife, doth stay:

Whilster his faithfull dogges, haue view'd the Hinde,
Or, *Marfyan* Bore rush thorow the toyles vntwin'd.
Me, Iuy the reward, for Learned browes.

A place, among supernall gods allowes
Light quires of Wood Nymphes, that with Satyres
And shady Groues from Vulgars me diuide: (bide,
If so *Euterpe* will my Muse inspire,
And *Polyhinne* tune my *Lesbian* wire.

But let me stand a Lyrick 'mongst the rest,
Ile strike the starry Vault with rayfed Crest.

Ode II.

TO AVGVSTVS CÆSAR.

Many stormes are powred upon the People of Rome
in reuenge of Iulius Cæsar slaine: The onely hope
of the Empire is placed in the safety of Augustus.

Iam satis terribis.

NOW, *Ioue* hath charg'd the earth below
With store of direfull hayle and snow
Who shaking Towers, with fiery hand,
Affrighted made the Citie stand:

He Nations scarr'd, lest *Pirah's* Raigne
New Monsters should produce againe,
As earst when *Proetus* drane his Flock,
To feed on Cliffe of *Scopy* Rock,

Then to the Elme's Toppe Fishes clane,
Which Turtles vs'd for fear to haue,
And

And Does by nature fearefull, tryde
To passe the Ocean's stormy tyde.

Our eyes haue yealow *Tybers* Flood
Beheld, by *Tyrrhen* Shores withstood
With violence; run downe to beat,
The Tombes of Kings, and *Vesta's* seat.

While *Ilia* much to him complaines,
He vowes reuenge: Though *Ioue* disdaines,
His wandring, and vxorious waue,
Vpon the Citie banke should raue.

Yourn, much impayr'd through Parents crimes,
Shall heare swords in embroyled times
Were sharpned, which should better farre,
Haue slaine fierce *Persians* in the Warre.

To what god, shall we Vowes assigne,
Now, that our State affaires decline?
What prayer shall holy Virgin Saints,
To *Vesta* yeeld, made deafe to plaints?

To whom shall *Ioue*, the power dispence,
Of expiating our offence?
(Diuining *Phœbus*) come we pray,
Whose shoulders white the Clouds array:

Or, if thou please (smooth *Venus*) hy
'Bout whom *Disport* and *Pleasures* flye.

The First Booke.

5

Or founder *Mars*, if *Stocke*, or *Kinne*,
Thou lou'st which haue neglected beene.

O, thou that cloyed art with fight,
Whom showtes, and glittering *Helmes* delight:
And *Maursianian's* visage bold,
When his sterne Foe he doth behold,

Or, mayst thou (gentle *Maia's* Sonne)
With winged speed be hither wonne.
Augustus figure, chang'd in thee,
Cesar's reuengefull friend to be.

Oh, mayst thou (late) to heaven retire;
Be present long, to *Rome's* desire:
Nor may the speedy blast of *Time*,
Take thee offended with our Crime.

Heere Triumphs seeke, and lasting fame,
Instil'd with *Prince*, and *Fathers* name;
Nor suffer *Cesar* (thou our Guide)
The *Medians* vnreueng'd to ride.

B *Ode III*

Ode III.

He wisheth safe passage to the Ship, bearing Virgil to Athens. Then he vehemently inueigheth against the boldnesse, and rashnesse of many.

Sic te diua potens Cypri.

* **S**O may the powerfull Cyprian Queene,
 And Brother-starres, that bright are scene,
 So may the god, who rules the winde,
 They all but *Zephus* confinde,
 Guide thee (O Ship) for *Virgill's* sake,
 Whose safety thou in trust did'st take:
 Set him on *Attique* shores in health,
 And saue my soule's diuided wealth.
 His stout heart was with brasse enclos'd,
 Who first of all frayle Barke expos'd
 To boysterous Seas; nor fear'd his life
 In South-west stormes, and North-winds strife,
 When *Hyades* with clouds opprest,
 Or raging South did most infest:
 (Then which to rayse stormes, or apease
 None haue power in th' *Adrian* Seas.)

What

What Death can daunt his heart with feares,
 Who floating monsters free from Teares ;
 Who swolne Seas viewes, and manly bold
 Dares rough *Ceraunian* rocks behold.

In vayne wise God did Earth deny
 The Oceans strict society,
 If yet mischieuous Ships assay,
 O're desperate sheldes to make their way.

Audacious Man, who dares all,

By ill prohibited doth fall.

By guilefull Art *Prometheus* wrought,
 That he stolne fire to Mortalls brought,

Which ta'ne from Heauen, barren dearth,

With troupes of Feauers cloy'd the Earth :

And slow Necessity of Fate,

Did Death's soft pace præcipitate.

Rash *Dadalus* the Ayre hath tryde,

With feathered wing, to man denyde.

Herculean Labours hell vnbarr'd.

Nothing to mortall man seems hard.

Nay, Heauen it selfe is not exempt,

From folly of our rash attempt :

Nor suffer we through sinns excessse,

That *Ioue* his Thunder's rage repress.

Ode XII.

TO AVGVSTVS.

The gods, Demy-gods, and some worthy men hono-
red, hee descendeth into the diuine prayes of Au-
gustus.

Quem Virum, aut Heroa lyra.

* **W**Hat man, or *Heros* (*Clyo*) wilt thou prayse,
With shrillest Pipe, or *Lyra's* softer Lays?
What God? whose name in sportiue strayne,
Eccho will chaunt thee back againe:

Either in shady *Heliconian* bowers,
High *Pindus*, or cold craggy *Hemus* Towers?
Whence leauy Groues by heapes confus'd
To wayte on tunefull *Orpheus* vs'd;

Orpheus well skill'd from Mother's Attfull lay,
Swift riuers glide, and speedy windes to stay.
And with his Harpes melodious song
Attentive Okes to draw along.

What

The First Booke.

o 9

What shall I speake before the constant prayse,
Of Father *Ioue*, who gods, and mortalls swayes;
Yea, land, sea, world extended wide
With various seasons doth diuide:

From whom there nothing greater springs, then he;
Like nothing liues, nor can a second be.
Yet shall next honours *Pallas* grace,
Though seated in a lower place.

Nor will I warlike *Bacchus* let thee goe,
Nor *Dian*, savage beasts eternall foe:
Phæbus shall likewise haue a part,
Dreadfull with vnauoyded dart.

With *Hercules* I *Leda's* sonnes must name,
Horse-ferrie this, Foote-fight giues th' other fame:
Whose brighter starre, when first in sky,
The wakefull Sayler dorth descry,

Downe from the Rocks impetuous waters flow,
The winds surcease, the clouds dispelled goe;
And threatning waues (So the *Twinnes* will)
Vpon the Ocean's brow are still.

These mention'd first, shall *Romulus* obtaine,
The next record, or *Numa's* peacefull raigne;
Shall I the power of *Tarquin's* state,
Or *Cato's* manly death relate?

Stout *Regulus*, the *Scawri*, *Paulus*, free
 Of his great soule in *Canna's* victory;
 Or shall my gratefull tongue reherse
Fabricius in resplendent verse.

Who with the valiant *Curius*, rough in guise
 And hayre vncomb'd, did with *Camillus* rise
 To high advancement, homely bred
 In their poore grandfire's lands, and shed.

Marcellus fame is like a spreading Tree
 Which groweth still, although insensibly:
 Whilst *Iulian* starre 'boue all aspires
 As *Cynthia* 'mongst the lesser fires.

Great Father, and Protector of mankind
 From *Saturne* sprung, To thee the Fates assigne
 The care of mighty *Cesar*: raigne,
 And *Cesar* second place obtaine.

He whether in full triumph lead along
 The vanquish'd *Parthians*, who neare *Latiū* throng;
 Or *Seres*, and swart *Indian's* tame
 That Eastward tremble at his name:

He lesse, but iust the spacious world shall guide;
 Hea'u'n shaking thron'd in thund'ring Chariot ride;
 And thy offended lightning cast,
 On *Groves*, which harbour the vichar.

Ode XIII.

To the Common wealsh preparing a fresh for Cinill
Warre.

O Nauiſ referent in mare te.

O Ship, What doſt a fresh ſtormes againe,
Will drieue thee back into the mayne.

Brauely recouer Port, and ſhore.

Seeſt not th'art deſtitute of Oare?

Swift South, weſt winds invade thy Maſt.

Thy ſayle-yard cracks with eery blaſt.

And cables ſcarce thy keele aſſure.

Thoſe ſurly billowes to endure?

Thy ſayles are torne, and thou a thrall

No gods haſt to inuoke, at all.

Though Pontique Pine (Woods noble race)

Thou boaſt thy barren name, and place.

The fearefull Sayler (dangers tryde)

Doth not to painted Ships conſide;

Take heed vleiſe thou haſt a mind

To be a ſport vnto the wind.

Oh my deſire, and greateſt care

Earſt horror to my heart, Beware

And fly in time those shelly Seas,
Which runne betwixt bright Cyclades.

Ode XXII.

TO ARISTIVS.

*Integrity of life is every where safe, which he prometh
by his owne example.*

Integer Vna.

WHolines vpright, and pure of heart
(Oh *Pascus*) neither needs the dart,
Nor bow, nor quiver, fraught with store
Of shafts enuenn'd by the More:

Whither o're *Libya's* patched Sands,
Or *Caucasus*, that houselesse stands,
He takes his journey: or those places,
Through which the fam'd *Hyaspes* traces.

For (carelesse) through the *Sabine* Groue,
Whilst chaunting *Lalage*, I roue,
Not well obseruing limits due,
A Wolfe, from me vnarmed, flew.

A Man.

A Monster such, as all exceeds,
Which in large woods sit, and *Drunke* feeds:
Or those, which *Isaiah's* Kingdome hath;
The Desert nurse of Lyons wroth.

Place me in coldest *Champaines*, where
No Sommer warmth, the Trees doth cheere:
Let me in that dull Climate rest,
Which Cloudes, and fallen *Ioue's* infect:

Yea place me vnderneath the Carre
Of too-neere *Phabus*: seated farre
From dwellings. *Salage* the rope,
Whose smiles, whose words so sweetly moue.

Ode XXXIV.

TO VIRGILL.

Who immoderately bemoaned the death of Quinti.

IV. HUS. 30

Quis desiderio fit.

M *Elpomena* whom *Ioue's* our Father daignes
Shril voyce applyde to Harp's meldious straines,
Tell

Tell in sad notes how farre the bounds extend
 Of loue, and shame vnto so deare a friend:
 Shall then in endlesse sleepe *Quintilius* lie
 An equall vnto whom, pure *Modestie*
 And *Iustice* Sister, *Faith* sincere, and plaine,
 And naked *Verity*, shall neuer gaine:
 Of many worthy men bemoan'd he felle
 But (*Virgill*) no man's grieve can thinne excell.
 Thou (louing) dost (alas) the gods in vaine
Quintilius, not so lent thee, aske againe.
 What if more sweet, then *Thracian Orpheus* wyre,
 You Trees perswade, to hearken to your Lyre;
 Yet can you not, returne of Life command,
 To shaddow vaine; which once with dreadfull wand,
 God *Mercury*, vnwilling Fate t'vnlocke,
 Hath forc'd to dwell among the Stygian focke.
 Tis hard I grant. "But *Patience* makes that light,
 Which to correct, or change, exceeds our might.

OT IV 2111

Wid' unchangeably permanent the band of Quintil.

Ode. XXVIII.

Q. Quintilius

M
 I will voice apply'd to Harp and pious musick
 IET

Ode XXVIII.

Architas, a Philosopher and Geometrician is presented, answering to a certaine Marriner, that all men must die, and entreating him, that hee would not suffer his body to lie on the shore unburied.

Te Maris, & Terra.

THee, who the Sea, Earth, Sands, that none can tell
To bound with measure, knew'st (*Architas*) well.
The poore gift of a little dust confines,
And neere vnto the Marine shore enshrines:
Nor could it any helpe, on profit bee,
Death being ready still to call for thee.
Those ayrie manſions to enquire from hence,
And search in mind the Heavens circumference,
The Syre of *Pelops*, who with Gods did feast,
And aged *Trojan*, ſunk at Deaths arrest;
And *Minos*, to *Ioues* Councells call'd, was ſlain,
And *Panthois* dyed, ſet downe to Hell againe,
Though by the Shield pull'd downe, he prouing well
That his firſt Birth in *Troian* ages ſell,
Affirm'd, that death nought kill'd, but nerues, & ſkin:
(No man in Natures power was better ſcene:)

But

But wee into one selfe same night doe fall,
 And must the paths of Death tread once for all.
 The Furies, some to games of *Mars* apply,
 The greedy Sayler drencht in Seas doth lie.
 In death both young and old by heapes doe loyne;
 Nor any head escapes sad *Proserpine*.
 Yea, the South-wind, crooked *Orions* mate,
 Or e-whelm'd me in *Ulyrian* waues of late:
 But (gentle friend) be pleas'd when I am dead,
 In loose sands to interre my bones, and head.
 Which done (so thou be safe) may th' *Easterne* wind,
 That moues *Hesperian* billowes be assign'd,
 To bluster lowdly in *Venusian* Woods:
 And may on eu'ry side, thy traffick'd goods,
 In plenty flow to thee, from *Ioue's* iust hand,
 And *Neptune*, who *Tarentum* doth command:
 But if this fault of thine shall seeme but flight,
 Which may vpon thy harmelesse Issue light,
 I wish due punishment, and proud neglect,
 May on thy Funerall Obsequies reflect:
 Nor may my Prayers be powred forth in vaine,
 Nor vowes haue strength to set thee free againe.
 Yet if thou halte, no longer stay I craue,
 But thrice to throw the dust vpon my graue.

Ode XXXI.

TO APOLLO.

Hee desireth not riches of Apollo, but that hee may
haue a sound mind in a healtshy body.

Quid dedicatum poscit.

WHat doth thy Poet aske (*Phæbus* diuine.)
What craues he, when he powres thee bowles
Not the rich corne of fat *Sardinia*, (of wine?
Nor fruitfull flockes of burnt *Calabria*,
Nor Gold, nor *Indian* luory; nor the grounds,
Which silent *Lyrus*, with soft streame arrounds:
Let those whom Fortune so much store assignes,
Prune with *Calenian* hooke, their fertile Vines:
Let the rich Merchant to the Gods so deare,
(For so I tearme him right, who euery yeare
Three, or foure times, visits th' *Atlantique* Seas,
From shipwracke free:) Let him his palate please;
And in gilt bowles, drinke wines of highest price,
Bought with the sale of *Syrian* Merchandise.
Loose Mallowes, Succory, and Oliue plant
Serue me for food. O (great *Apollo*) grant,

To

To me in health, and free from lifes annoy,
 Things natiue, and soone gotten to enioy;
 And with a mind compos'd old age attaine,
 Not lothsome, nor depriu'd of *Lyrick* st raine.

Ode XXXIV.

TO HIMSELF.

Who repenteth, that hauing followed the Epicurean
 Sect, he thereby hath negligently honored the gods.

Parcus Deorum cultor.

I Who the gods remissly did adore,
 In franke wisedome erring heretofore,
 Now back enforced am my sayles to raise,
 And once againe to seeke forsaken wayes.
 For *Iupiter*, who light to day inspires,
 Diuiding dusky clouds, with shining fires,
 Hath oft through clearest sky aduanc'd his course,
 With Chariot swift and thunder-breathing horse,
 Wherewith dull earth, and wandring riuers quake,
 Yea *Stygian Fenne*, and horrid dwellings shake
 Of hatefull *Tenarus*, and *Atlas* bounds.
 "God, by exchange, the high with low confounds:

"Hec

" Hee abiect basenesse on the greatest flings,
 " And casteth lustre on obscured things.
 Hence restless Fortune, height from one man takes,
 With shrillest noyse, and great another makes.

Ode XXXV.

T O F O R T Y N E.

Hee beseecheth her, that shee would preserve, Caesar
 going into Brittainy.

O dina Gratum.

O Goddesse, which beloued *Antium* swayes,
 Still ready with thy powerfull arme to raise,
 Men from the low degree of wretched thralls,
 Or turne proud triumphs into funeralls.
 The poore, and rustick Clowne, with humble plea
 Sollicites thee: Thee Lady of the Sea,
 Hee lowdly innocates; whoe're doth sweep
 In *Asian* vessell the *Carpathian* deepe.
 The *Dacian* rough, the wandring *Scythian*,
 Kingdomes, and Cirties; the fierce *Latian*;
 Thee Mothers of *Barbarian* Kings doe feare,
 And Tyrants, which bright purple garments weare:

Let

Let not a standing pillar beo'rethrowne
 By thy offended foot; nor be it knowne,
 That troupes of warlike people now at rest,
 Take armes againe, and Empires peace inuest.
 Still sharpe Necessity before thee goes,
 Holding in brazen hand, as pledge of woes,
 Tormenting beames, and racks; and more to dant,
 Sharpe hookes, and molten lead doe neuer want.
 Thee Hope, and simple Faith in white attire,
 Much honour and thy company desire,
 How e're thou dost another habit take,
 And made a foe to great men, them forsake.
 But the false multitude, and periur'd whore
 Retireth back: yea, friends, when vessells store
 Is to the dregges drunke vp; Away they flie,
 Shunning the yoke of mutuall pouertie.
 Preserue thou *Cesar* safe, wee thee implore,
 Bound to the world's remotest *Brittan* shore,
 And those new troupes of youth, whose dreadfull fight,
 The East, and ruddy Ocean doth affright.
 We blush at scarres receiu'd, Sinne, Brothers fall.
 (Vile Age) what mischief doe we shun at all?
 What youth, his hand, for feare of gods contains?
 Or who from sacred Altars spoyle refraines?
 Ah rather our dull swords new forge, and whet
 Against th' *Arabian*, and the *Massages*.

The end of the first Booke.

ODES



ODES OF HORACE.

The Second Booke.

Ode. I.

TO CAIVS ASINIVS POLLIO.

*He aduifeth him to intermit the writing of Tragedies
a while, till the Common-wealth be composed. Lastly
he commendeth his writings.*

Motum ex Metello ciuicum.

* **T**Hou ciuill broyles, their causes, errors, way
Dost from *Metellus* Consull-ship display;
The various sports of Fortune, faithlesse knots
Of Princes leagues, their armes distain'd with spots
Of bloud vnexpiate; A worke replete
With dangerous euent, which thou dost treat,
C And

And tread as guilefull ashes hiding fire.
 Ah let thy Muse some little time retire,
 From Theaters, where Tragedies doe mourne,
 And when thou publique things hast done, returne,
 And in *Cacropian* buskin prosecute
 Thy worthy talent, (who dost contribute
 Such free support vnto the sad accus'd,
 And Senate, which hath long thy Counsell vs'd)
 That Lawrells may with honour crowne thy head,
 By thy *Dalmatian* triumphs purchased. (sound,
 Now cares thou strik'st with Trumpets threatning
 Straight wayes the Cornet's shriller notes rebound.
 Now armour's bright reflect on, terrifies
 The flying horse, and dazleth horse-mens eyes.
 Then valiant Capitaines, whom (me thinks I heare)
 Not fordid with inglorious dust, appeare:
 Yea all the world I there subdued find,
 But the great *Cato's* vnaffrighted mind.
Iuno, and gods, who did for *Affrick* stand
 Vnable to reuenge, forsooke the land,
 But *Victors* Nephewes, shee, to slaughter bent,
 As funerall Victimes to *Iugurtha* sent.
 What field with Romane blood now fatter growne,
 But makes by graues our impious battells knowne?
 Nay *Medes* haue heard resound in Climats farre,
Hesperia's ruines wrought by ciuill warre.
 What petty gulph, or streame of waters flow,
 That doth not our disastrous conflicts know?
 What Sea, which *Danubian* slaughters haue not dyde?
 What shore where Romane blood is not descryde?

But

But (sawcie Muse) lest leauing sportiue veyne,
Thou take vpon thee *Caus* mournfull straine,
Sseek with me in *Diane's* silent Caue,
Notes which a quill of softer touch must haue.

Ode II.

TO C. SALVSTIVS CRISPVS.

Hee prayseth *Proculius* for liberalitie towards his
brothers. Onely contempt of money maketh a man
bappy.

Nullus Argento color.

NO colour is in Golden vaine,
(Oh *Salust*, enemy of gaine)
Hidden within a greedy Mine,
Valesse with temp'rate vse it shine.

Good *Proculius* ne're shall die,
'Mongst Brothers mark'd for pietie:
Suruiuing Fame with daring flight,
Shall yeeld his Name eternall right.

In larger circuit thou dost raigne,
 If greedy humour thou restraine,
 Then if thou *Gades* to *Lybia* ioynest,
 Or both the *Carthages* were thine.

The selfe-indulgent Dropsie growes,
 Nor doth the palate's thirst vnlose,
 Till man from vaines, the dolour's cause,
 And pallid watry faintnesse drawes.

Vertue, that vulgars doth oppose,
 Not in the ranke of happy, chose
Phraat with *Cyrus* throne indu'de.
 And doth forbid the multitude

False acclamations to make;
 And rule, with Scepter safe partake,
 And Bayes to him alone apply,
 Who viewes huge heapes with carelesse eye.

Ode III.

TO DELIUS.

Prosperous, and aduerse Fortune are to be moderately borne, since one, and the selfe same condition of death, hangeth ouer euery man.

Æquam memento.

IN aduerse chance, an equall mind retaine,
 As in best fortunes temp' red, free from vaine
 Of mirth profuse: For (*Delius*) thou must dy,
 Though with sad thoughts oppress'd, thou silently;
 Or, on Feast dayes retyr'd to grassie shade,
 Thou with choyce *Falerne* wine art happy made:
 Where the white Poplar, and the lofty Pine,
 In friendly shade their mutuall branches twine:
 And Riuers swiftly gliding strue, apace (chafe.
 'Bout crooked bankes, their trembling streames to
 Bring hither Wine, and od'rous Vnguent. Bring
 The dainty Rose, a faire, but fading thing.
 While Fortune, age, and wealth yeeld seasons fit.
 And the three Sisters fable loomes permit:
 Thou from thy house must part, and purchas'd woods,
 From village laud, with yellow *Tyber* floods,

And thy vast hoarded heaps of wealths excessse,
 An Heire (perhaps) vngratefull shall possesse.
 No matter 'tis, whither thou rich art borne,
 Of *Argiue* Kings; or low, expos'd to scorne,
 Sprung from poore Parents, liu'ſt in open fields;
 Thou art Death's sacrifice, (who neuer yeelds.)
 Wee all are thither brought, 'tis hee that turnes,
 And windes our mortall life's vncertaine Vynes.
 Sooner or later each man hath his lor,
 And hence exil'd, imbarques in *Charon's* Boat.

Ode IX.

TO VALGIUS.

That now at length he would desist, to deplore his de-
 ceased Myſte.

Non ſemper imbres.

THe swelling cloud, not alwayes powres,
 On rugged fields impetuous ſhowres.
 Nor *Caspian* Sea (*Valgius* below'd)
 With tossing ſtormes, is euer mou'd.
 Nor on *Armenia's* bord'ring ſhore,
 The ſluggiſh ice ſtands alwayes hore:

Or

Or *Gargan* groues, with North-winds riu'd,
 Or *Ash-trees* are of leaues depriu'd.
 You still in mournfull sort complaine
 That Death, hath dearest *Myffe* slaine.
 Your loue failes not, if *Vesper* rise,
 Nor when from *Phæbus Hesper* flies:
 But thrice-ag'd *Nestor*, mourn'd not still,
 Death deare *Antilochus* did kill:
 Nor Parents, nor sad Sisters, euer
 To waile young *Troilus* persecr.
 Cease then at length, thy soft complaint;
 And in our Songs, now, let vs paine,
 Great *Cesar's* Trophies, and command,
 And how conioyn'd to conquer'd land,
 The *Median* streame, and *Nyphate* strong,
 In lesser Channells, runne along;
 And *Gelon's* to lesse limits tyde,
 In farre more straightned fields doe ride.

C 4

Ode X.

Ode X.

TO LICINIUS.

Mediocrity to be used in either Fortunes.

Rectius viues Licini.

YOur safer course (*Licinius*) count,
 Not alwayes on the Mainie to mount:
 Nor whilst you (wisely) stormes abhorre,
 Too much to trust the sheltie shore,

Hee that affects the golden meane,
 Liues safe from Cortages vncleane,
 And (sober) doth as much despise,
 In Enuy-breeding Courts to rise.

The blustering windes more often farre,
 'Gainst losfy Pines, doe threaten Warre:
 Braue Towers with greater ruine fall,
 And Thunders highest hills enthrall.

Each Fortune, minds prepar'd doth glad,
 They feare in good, and hope in bad.

Time brings in horrid Winters rage,
And sodainly doth it assuage.

If with thee now, it be but ill,
Resolue it cannot be so still.
Sometimes *Apollo's* silent Muse,
Speakes in his Harpe; nor doth he vse,

Alwayes to bend his angry Bow;
In crosses strength, and courage show.
And let thy Tayles, with prosperous wind
Too much aduanced, be declin'd.

Ode XI.

TO QVINTVS HIRPINVS.

Cares layd aside, let vs liue merrily.

Quid bellicosus Cantaber.

VV Hat the *Cantabrian* stout, or *Scythian* thinke,
Diuided with opposed *Adria's* brinke,
(*Quintus Hirpinus*) doe not thou enquire,
Nor for life's vse, which little doth desire,

Be thou too carefull. Smooth-fac'd youth, apace
 Hastes hence away, and with it beantie's grace.
 Dry aged hoarinesse with furrowes deepe,
 Dispelling amorous fires, and gentle sleepe.
 The Summer flowers keepe not their native grace,
 Nor shines the bright Moone, with a constant face.
 Why dost thou tyre thy mind, subordinate
 Vnto the Councells of Eternall Fate?
 Why vnder this high Plane, or Pine tree's shade
 In discomposed manner, carelesse layd,
 Our hoary hayre perfum'd with fragrant Rose,
 And odours, which *Assyria* doth disclose
 Annoynt not wee, and then to drinke prepare.
 Free *Bacchus* dissipates consuming care.
 But (oh) what Boy, *Falernian* wines hote rage,
 Will soone for me, with gliding streames asswage?
 (Ah) who retyred *Lyde* will require,
 Hither to come. Boy with her Iuory Lyre,
 Bid her make haste, and like *Laconian* Mayds
 Bind vp neglected hayre in carelesse brayds.

ode XIV.

Ode XIV.

TO POSTHVMVS.

Life is short, and Death is necessary:

Eheu fugaces Posthume.

A *Posthumus*, swift yeares soone passe,
 Nor can religious zeale (alas)
 To wrinckles, or decrepit dayes,
 Or Death vntamed bring delays:
 Nor, if thou to harsh *Pluto's* Shrine
 Each day three hundred Bulls assigne:
 Who *Geryon*, and *Tithius* bound,
 With sable riuer doth surround.
 A streame on which each man must sayle,
 From royall Scepter to the flayle.
 We bloudy *Mars* decline in vaine,
 Or broken waues of *Adrian* maine:
 And (needleffe) feare in *Autumne* rise,
 The South-wind's hurtfull to our life.
 Wandring *Cocytus* Flood, with slow
 And heauy Current, thou must know.
 Yea *Danâus* infamous traine,
 And *Sisyphus* with endlesse paine.

Thou

Thou House, Land, louely Wife must want,
 Nor any Trees, which thou dost plant,
 (When thou art dead) will wayt on thee,
 But the despised Cypresse tree.
 Thy worthier Heire, drinckes precious wine,
 Which thou with hundred keies did'st shrine;
 And with it the rich pauement dewes;
 None such the high Priests Banquet shewes.

Ode XV.

Against the excesse of that age.

Iam pauca aratro.

Magnifique buildings will leaue shortly, now,
 Few Akers of firmeland, vnto the Plough;
 Now many we behold huge Pooles to make
 Of much more wide extent, then *Lucrine Lake*.
 The solitary Plane, the Elme supplants,
 And now no flower sweet odours breathing, wants,
 As Mirtles, Roses, and the Violet,
 Where the first owner fertile Oliues set.
 The Lawrell now, to *Phæbus* piercing eye,
 Through his thick branches passage doth denie.
 No such Præscript, did *Romulus* exact,
 Nor Elders, nor rough *Cato* did enact.

Private Reuenues, then, were short, and low,
And each man sought to make the publike flow.
Proud Galleries no priuate man then made,
Of ten foot wide, to let in Northerne shade.
Nor might we by our auncient lawes disdain,
For pillowes, casuall turfes to entertaine ;
Commanding townes to build, at publique charge,
And the gods Temples, with new stone enlarge.

Ode XVI.

TO GROS PHVS.

*All men desire tranquility of mind, which can neither
with Riches, nor Honours be acquired, but onely
with brideling our Appetites.*

Otium Diuos rogat.

SOne as black clouds haue hid the Moones bright
And Pilots cannot best-known stars espy, (eye,
The Marriner toss'd in Aegæan Sea,
Straight to the gods for rest makes humble plea.

The warlike *Thracians* peacefull ease require,
And Quiver-bearing *Medes* repose desire,
Repose,

Repose, which not with gemms, purple, or gold,
(Belecue me *Grosphus*) will be bought, or sold.

No Wealth, nor Consulls Lictors that make way,
Can from the Heart disturbed tumults fray,
Orcares dispell, which 'bout gilt roofes doe fly.
He liueth well with little happily,

Who hauing on his homely Table plac'd,
His Fathers Cup, and Salt kept vndefac'd,
Solives, that feare, not sordid lucre keepe
His waking eyes from soft, and gentle sleepe.

Why doe we (boldly) many things propose
In short liu'd age, which *Time* doth quickly close?
Why lands with other Sun enflamed change?
Who from himselfe, though far frō home can range?

Strong Ships are boarded by consuming Care:
Nor doth the brauest troupes of Horsemen spare:
More swift she is, then the light-footed Hind,
Or tempest-raising stormes of Easterne wind.

The mind in present cheerefull, hates to care
For what beyond it lies; And doth prepare
To temper bitter things with laughter free.
"Nothing in all respects can happy bee.

Death quickly snatched braue *Achilles* hence,
Nor did *Tyson's* long liu'd age dispense:

And

And that (perhaps) I may of time obtaine,
Which thy expecting hopes shall neuer gaine.

You many fertile flocks of sheepe command,
Sicilian Kine about you lowing stand.

Your Mares for Chariot fit, are heard from farre,
Lowdly to neigh: Nor garments wanting are,

Of Purple cloth, dipp'd twice in *Affrick Dy*;

While a poore state, by vpright destiny,

To me is giu'n; mix'd with a slender name,

Of Greekish Muse, and scorne of vulgar Fame.

Ode XVII.

TO MÆCENAS being sicke.

Whom he resolueth not to suruive.

Cur Me querelis.

WHy kill you me with your lamentes;
It neither gods, nor me contents,

Mæcenas (first) should yeeld to Fate,

The Grace, and Pillar of my State.

But if a speedier stroke of death,

Rob thee (my soules best part) of breath?

Why

Why stay I in the other *Sole*,
 Not pleasing to my *Selfe*, nor *whole*?
 One day shall see vs perish both :
 I haue not falsly sworne an oath.
 Goe, when you please, I will not stay,
 But be your partner in the way.
Chimera breathing flames of fire,
 Nor hundred-handed *Gyas*, Ire ;
 Shall seperate my soule from thine ;
 Thus lustice, and the Fates desigues
 Though *Libra* in his full aspect,
 And feared-*Scorpius*, direct,
 My *Horoscope* with rage infest,
 Or, *Capricorne*, that rules the West :
 Our Constellations both agree
 In admirable sort. And thee
Ioues radiant lustre hath exempt,
 From *Saturnes* Beame maleuolent,
 And slack'd the wings of speedy death ;
 Eu'n when the people with lowd breath,
 Thrice in the Theater did sound
 That gladsome newes: Then, then a wound,
 By a tree's fall, my skull had broke,
 Had not god *Faunus*, from the stroke
 Protected me, who doth assist
 (As Patron, each *Mercurialis*;) VV
 Pay Victimes, thy vow'd Temple build,
 And I a tender Lambe will yield.

Ode XVIII.

Hee affirmeth him selfe content with little, while others
are wholly addicted to their desires; and increase of
riches, as if they should alwayes live.

Non ebur, neque aureum.

NO guilded rooffe, nor Iuory fier,
For splendor in my house is fer;
Nor beames are from *Hymettus* foughn,
To lye athwart rich *Columines*, brought
From *Affrick*; nor I heyre vnkowne,
Make *Attalus* his wealth, mine owne.
No honest Tenants wiues you see,
Laconian Purples weaue for me:
A loyall heart, and fluent vaine,
Of wit I haue; which doth constrain
Rome's richest men, to seeke the loue,
Of me though poore: Nor gods about,
Doe I inuoke for larger store;
Nor of *Maccenas* aske I more.
To me, mine onely *Sabine* field,
Sufficient hapinesse doth yeeld.

" One day thrust's on another fast,
 And new Moones to the Wane doe hast.
 When death (perhaps) is neare at hand,
 Thou sayrest Marbles dost command
 Be cut for vs, yet dost neglect
 Thy graue, and houses still erect,
 Nay would'st abridge, the vast Sea's shore,
 Which loudly doth at *Baia* rore:
 Enriched little, lesse content,
 With limits of the Continent.
 Why of en pull you vp your bounds,
 T'enlarge the Circuit of your grounds,
 And farre encroach from confines knowne
 To make your neighbouring field your owne.
 The husband, wife, and fordid brood,
 With ancient household gods, that stood
 In quiet peace, must be expeld;
 Yet is not any Mansion held,
 For the rich Land lord, so assur'd,
 As deepe in Hell to be immur'd.
 Then whither doe you further tend?
 Th'indifferent Earth, an equall friend,
 As willingly vnfolde her wombe,
 For Beggers graue, as Prince's Tombe.
 Gold could of *Charon* not obtaine,
 To beare *Prometheus* back againe,
 Proud *Tantalus*, and all his stock,
 Hee, with the hands of *Fate* did lock.
 And call'd, or not call'd ready stands,
 To free the poore from painfull hands.

The end of the second Booke.



ODES OF HORACE.

The Third Booke.

Ode. I.

*Life is made happy, not with Riches, but Mind's
Tranquility.*

Odi profanum vulgus.

I Hate th'vnlearned vulgar crew,
Be silent : Boyes, and Mayds to you
I Priest of Muses now reherſe
What neuer yet was heard in verſe.
Kings awfull, their owne Subiects ſway,
And Kings themſelues doe ſome obay ;

D 2

Who

Who famous for the Gyants fall,
 With brow austere doth mannaage all.
 Say one in larger furrowes plant
 Trees, which another man doth want.
 What though one boast a nobler straine,
 Affected honours to attaine:
 One better life, and Fame pretends,
 Another hath more troupes of friends:
 With equall Law, ne're sayling death,
 The rich, and poore deprivies of breath:
 Casting that name, from forth his Vrne,
 Which next by lot to death must turne.
Sicilian Feasts, with dainties grac't,
 Procure not Palate-pleasing tast;
 To him, who o're his wicked head,
 A drawne sword sees in twine of thread.
 No chant of Birds, nor charme of Lyre,
 Can to his eyes, soft sleepe inspire:
 Delicious Sleepe, no whit disdaines,
 The homely Cottages of Swaines:
 Nor shady bankes, nor *Tempe* groue,
 Where *Zephirus* doth gently roue.
 He who desires, but what's enough,
 Feares not the Ocean billowes rough:
 Nor sterne *Arcturus* force, that sets;
 Nor rising *Kid*, which stormes begets:
 His Vines, nor ruin'd are with hayle,
 Nor doe his crops in Haruest fayle:
 His trees, now blaming water-falls,
 Now parching Starres, now Winter-thralls.

The third Booke.

241

Yea Fishes find the Seas more straight,
With Bulwarks rais'd, of wondrous waight:
Heere the Surueyor, with his traine,
And Lord himselfe, fill'd with disdain;
Of his firme Land's too narrow ring,
Materialls, fit for building, bring:

But angry threats, and restless feare,
Goe with their Master every where
Black Care, in ship, with him abides,
And sits behind him, when he rides.

But if, nor *Phrygian* Columns, can,
Nor vse of Purples brighter, than
Heauens Lights, disturbed minds content,
Nor *Falerne* Vine, nor *Persian* Sent,
Why Pillars proud, should I erect,
Or Gall'ry of new Architect?

Why should I *Sabine*'s Countrey change,
For much more busie wealth exchange?

In thickets slaughterers doth engage,
Whom bloody angers direfull rage,
That wastefull I, you to provoke,
Not thus by Comparas fall broke,
In martiall feares, would be restrain'd,
Oh, that my royall I, ord, vntain'd
Wifelines, which find passion his,
Behold from hostile walls may crye,
And virgin ripe when they are
Whom wife of Tyran, vs'd to waite,
Live, and attempt, the hard'st affaie.

Ode II.

To his FRIENDS: I send it.

Boyes are to be enured from their tender age, to power,
ty, warfare, and painfull life.

Augustam amici.

Let th'able Youth, himselfe enure
By Warres sharpe use, want to endure;
And mounred on his Horse, with Spear,
No whit bold *Parthians* valour feare:
Let him expos'd to open ayre,
Liue, and attempt, the hard'st affaire.
Whom wife of Tyrant, vs'd to warre,
And virgin ripe when they asarre
Behold from hostile walls, may crie,
With sighes, which from sad passion flie,
Oh, that my royall Lord, vntrein'd
In martiall feats, would be restrain'd,
Not thus by Combats fatall stroke,
That wrathfull Lyon to prouoke,
Whom bloody angers direfull rage,
In thickest slaughters doth engage.

" It is a sweet, and noble gaine,
 " In Countreys quarrell to be slaine.
 Death, the swift flying man pursues
 With ready steps: Nor doth he vse
 To spare, from vnauoyded wrack,
 Youth's supple hammes, or fearefull back.
 Vertue disdainng base neglect,
 Doth shine with raintlesse honours deckt:
 Nor takes, or leaueth honour's choyce,
 To please the people's ay'ry voyce.
 Vertue, to worth heau'n opening wide,
 Dauntlesse attempts through wayes denide;
 Vulgar assemblies doth despise,
 And leauing Earth, to Heauen flies.

Yea, trusty Silence is not band,
 From hauing a deseru'd reward.
 Hce, who to blas the holy Rates,
 Of secret *Ceres* Phane delights,
 Vnder the same roofoe shall not be,
 Nor in fraile Vessell sayle with me.
 " Oft *rose* neglected, makes the lust
 " To smart with those are stayn'd with lust,
 " Seldome Reuenge, though slow of pace,
 " Leaues ill fore-going men to trace.

Ode III.

D

By Tygers drawne, vntought the yoke to beare
 With this god *Barabas*, high his word did reare
 Whom the gods eternall liue
 I wixt whom *Barabas* plac'd with rose lips
 From *Barabas*, to Heau'nly glory speeds.

Ode III

A man with vertue adorned, feareth nothing. Iuno's
 Oration of Troye's overthrow, and the end of that
 warre. And how the Romane Empire shall take be-
 ginning from the Troians.

Iustum & tenacem.

THe iust, and constant man, who firmly stands,
 No proud insulting Citizens commands,
 Nor angry brow of wrathfull Tyrants threat,
 Hath power to shake from solid Vertues seat.
 Not the South winds, which stormy *Aurora* stir,
 Nor potent hand of thundering *Jupiter*,
 Yea, should the world dissolued perish quite,
 The sodaine ruines would him not affright.
 With this same Art, the wandering *Hesperus*,
 And *Pollux*, did the fiery Turrets leave,
 Twixt whom *Augustus* plac'd, with rosie lips
Nectar, the gods eternall liquor, sips.
 With this god *Bacchus*, high his worth did reare,
 By Tygers drawne, vntaught the yoke to beare.
 With this Art *Romulus* on *Mars* his Steeds,
 From *Acheron*, to Heav'nly glory speeds.

What

What time the gods consulting, *Juno* sayd
 In gratefull accents thus, *Ah Troy*, betray'd
 A farall, and incestuous Iudge hath burn'd,
 And a strange woman in *Acheron*'s
 Eu'n from the time, that *Priams* wayward *Sire*,
 Bereft the righteous gods their promis'd hie,
 Which *Troy* by me, and *Pall* at once conuerted
 With Prince and people, were to flames condemn'd
 Now the knowne guest, of that adul'rous Dame
 Which fled from *Greece*, shall loose her noble name
 And *Priams* perjur'd stock, with *Hector*'s
 No more shall make the warlike *Greeks* dishonour
 The bloody warres, which our seditions feed,
 Are now compos'd, and stay banished
 Henceforth to *Mars*, I will minde linger least
 And *Vesta*'s offspring, in a garb of chastity
 Him, I to *Heav'n*'s bright Mansions will admit
 To drinke of *Nectar*, and with gods to sit
 While the vast Sea, *twixt* *Thrace* and *Rome* is bound
 Raigne happy banish'd in a monay ground
 Whilst heard no more *Priams* dome, and *Silvius*
 And beasts, pursue their young from *Humans* pryde
 Let the bright Capitoll it's glory spread,
 And *Rome* giue Lawes vnto the conquer'd *Mead*.
 Yea may she, her far dreaded name extend,
 And with the Earth's remotest confines end:
 Where the Mid-stream, *Europe* from *Affrick* bounds,
 Or swelling *Nile*, wat'reth fertile grounds.
Rome abler farre, to scorne gold, yet vnfound,
 (Which best is plac'd, when deepest vnder ground,)

Then

Then to extract it thence for humane vse,
 Each hand things sacred soyling with abuse.
 What limits of the world, so e're contend,
 Let thither *Rome*, her armes victorious send.
 Glad to behold, where the burnt *Zones* doe stand,
 Or cloudy *Poles*, which showry dewes command.
 But to the most vnvannquish'd *Romane* State,
 On this condition I prescribe this Fate,
 Lest they, too pious, and indulgent yeeld,
 The ruin'd walls of ancient *Troy* to build.
 But yet if *Fortune* by unhappy chance,
 Should once againe decay'd *Troy* aduance,
 I Wife, and Sister of *Iuw*, Heavens King,
 With armed troups, should new destruction bring.
 If thrice a *Brazen* wall by *Phrygian* hand
 Should reared be, in thine by my command,
 The *Greeks* should raise, and thrice the captive wife
 Her child, and husband mourne, depri'd of life.
 But these things nothing fit, my sportive Lyre,
 Muse whither go'st thou? Ah! I doe not aspire,
 The gods disdaine, thus boldly to relate
 Or great things with low *Layes* extoll'd.

For the bright *Capitol*'s glory spread,
 And *Rome* give Lawes unto the conduct of *Mars*.
 Yet may she, her far dreadd name extend,
 With the Earth's remotest confines end:
 Where the *Mid-Heavens*, Europe from *Africks* bounds,
 Or swelling *Nile*, warreth fertile grounds.
~~Rome's lawes to all the world extend~~
 (Which self is plac'd, when dearest vnder ground)

Ode V.

Ode V.

The praises of Augustus; dispraise of Crassus, Cassianus, of Regulus; and resolution to the Carthaginians.

Cela tonantem credidimus Iovem.

* **W**E thund'ring Iove belieue in heav'n's toraine,
And as a god on Earth will entertaine
Augustus, who to Empire was confin'd
The Britains, and fierce Persians hath adjoin'd.
Hath Crassus Souldier with a Barbarous wife
Lin'd husband, subject to a slavish life,
(Oh Senate, shamefull manners) midst his foes
(Her kined) Appulus, and Marius grows
Decrepit, To the Median King doth yield
Forgetfull of his Honour, Name, and Shield.
Yea Vesta's living fire, while low yet rages,
And Rome in former safety still remaines,
For this with care did Regulus provide
Whose manly heart conditions base denide
Or such example, which in time to come
Would draw destruction on the state of Rome,
Should not the Captive troups vntimely dye
I Ensignes did in Punique Pharus descry

And

" And weapons saw (said he) from Souldiers tane
 " Without a stroke: armes writhed back againe
 " Behind free Cittizens; Gates opened wide,
 " And those fields tilld, our wars had earst destroy'd.
 " Fresh strength (perhaps) the Soldier will enflame
 " Redem'd with gold: Fierdoffe you adde to shame.
 " The whitest wooll once is suffer staine,
 " Lost native Candor neuer gets againe:
 " Nor reall Vertue, when it loseth force,
 " Can be restored by time growne worse.
 " If (happily) the Hind from snare set free
 " The Hunter wound, become he valiant hee
 " Who yeelds himselfe to faithlesse enemies:
 " Or winnes he crowns with new victories,
 " Who Coward-like hee heares chaynes to cye
 " His galled armes, and was afraid to dye.
 " Nay ignorant from whence he life should take
 " Twixt peace, and war did base commixtion make
 " (Oh shame) (great Cautious) whole high tides rise,
 " From our *Heptarian* scorned miseries.
 They say he did his Wife, and Sonnes deny
 Their faire well Kins, as if Captiuitie
 Had made him lesse, not his firme countenance
 Did sternly looking downe from Earth aduance
 Till mouer he of counsell neuer tryde,
 The Senates wauering minds had rectifyde,
 And as an Exile who to Honour tends,
 Did hasten forth mongst teares of wayling friends.
 And though he knew what torments were design'd,
 By cruell Torturers to blood inclinde;

Yet he soft melting friends, dismiss'd away,
 And those, who did his prompt returne delay,
 As if he left a Clyents tedious cause,
 When sentence were pronounced by the lawes,
 And gladly to *Venafrum* would repayre,
 Or sweet *Tarentum* fields to take the ayre.

Ode V L

To the ROMANS.

Of the corrupt manners of that Age.

Delicta maiorum.

Romane) resolute, thou shalt desertlesse stand,
 Sinn's scourge, for vice of Predecessour past,
 Vntill thou dost againe, repaire
 Decayed Temples, and make faire,
 The falling houses of the gods, disgrac'd,
 And cleanse their Images, with smoke defac'd,
 To think thee lesse then Gods, thy power commends;
 Hence take beginnings, hither ayme thy ends.
 The Gods neglected, many woes
 On sad *Hesperia* did impose!
 Twice *Pacorus*, and twice *Manes* hand,
 Our inauspicious forces did disband
 Who

Who with a plenteous prey made glad,
 To little chaines more links did add.
 The *Dacian*, and the *Aethiop* fierce in warres,
 Hath almost raz'd the Citie, rent with iaires.
 One with his Naue formidable,
 With Darts, the other better able.
 This *Age* in Vice abounding, did begin,
 Chast Stocks, and Nuptials to pollute with sinne:
 The woes which from this fountaine flow,
 People, and Countrey ouerthrow.
 The Mayd for Marriage ripe, much ioyes to learne,
Ionick Daunces, and can well discerne,
 With Art to faine, and quickly proue.
 The pleasures of vnlawfull loue.
 Straight made a wife in midst of husband's cups,
 Shee with young Gallants, and adulterers sups.
 Nor cares to whom she yeelds by stealth,
 When lights are out, loues lawlesse wealth.
 But ask'd, doth rise, (her knowing husband by)
 To prostitute her Marriage modestie:
 At Factors call, or Pilor's hyre,
 Of lustfull shame, a costly buyer.
 That youth came not, from such Fore-fathers straine,
 Who did the Sea with Purick blood distaine.
 By such hands, *Pyrrhus* did not fall,
Antiochus, nor *Hanniball*.
 But in those dayes, a braue and manly race
 Of rustick Souldiers liued in this place,
 Well skill'd in Plough, and *Sabine* spade,
 And so to strict obedience made.

That

That if sharpe mothers had, at their returne,
 They on their sholders brought logs new fire to burne.
 So soone as *Phœbus* chang'd the mountaines shade,
 And weary vnyoak'd Oxen homeward made,
 Night gane their labours free dispense,
 Chasing the Sunn's bright Chariot hence.
 "What wasteth not with Time deuouring rage?
 "Our Fathers life, much worse the Grandfire's age,"
 "Sees vs more wicked, to produce
 "An off-spring fuller of abuse.

Ode IX.

TO LYDIA.

*A Dialogue of his passed Loues, and renewing of them
 againe.*

This Ode, though lesse morall then the rest, I haue
 admitted, for *Iul. Scaliger's* sake, who much admireth it.

Donec, gratius eram.

Horace.

WHilst I was pleasing in thine eye,
 Nor any to thy heart more nigh,

Clasp'd

Clasp'd, that white neck in amorous ring,
More blest I liu'd, then *Persia's* King,

Lydia.

Whilst you no other Fire embrac'd,
Nor *Clœ* before *Lydia* plac'd:
I *Lydia* then with honour sign'd;
More then the *Roman* *Ullia* shin'd.

Horace.

Now *Thracian* *Clœ* *Lobey*,
Skilfull, and prompt in Musick's lay:
For whom I will not feare to dy,
So Fate to her the same deny.

Lydia. XI 460

Calais Ornithus sonne doth fire
My heart with flames of like desire.
For whom I twice to die, will dare,
So Fates, the youth surmounting spare.

Horace.

But what if ancient Loue returne,
And vs with mutuall passion burne;
If I shake off bright *Clœ's* hope,
And doores to scorn'd *Lydia* ope?

Lydia.

Though he be brighter then a Starre,
And lighter thou, then *Corke* by farre.
More angry, then rough *Adria*; I
With thee would liue, with thee would die.

Ode XIV.

To the ROMAN PEOPLE.

This Ode containeth the prayes of Augustus returning out of Spaine, after his Conquest over the Cantabrians.

Herculis ritu.

Great Caesar, who is said to goe
Like Hercules against his foe
To purchase bayes, by death, againe
Victorious is return'd from Spaine.

The wife tha's with one husband pleas'd,
Let her come foorth, the gods appeas'd.
Octavia Caesar's Sister, hast,
And Mothers with your Daughters chaste

Attir'd in modest veyl'e, appeare
And Sonnes returned safe, draw neare.
You Boyes, and newly married trayne
Of wiues, from euill words abtaine.

E

From

From me this new made Holy-day,
 Black fullen cares, shall take away.
 Nor feare I in great *Cæsars* raigne,
 By force, or tumult to be flaine.

(Boy) Crownes, and Vnguent now prepare,
 And vessell kept, since *Marsian* warre:
 If any such conceal'd hath beene,
 By wandering *Spartacus* not seene.

Let hither shrill *Neera* hie,
 And hayre perfum'd in tresses tye.
 But if the Porter, make delay
 With churlish answer; Hast away.

White hoary hayres appease the minde,
 To brawles, and quarrells earst inclinde.
 This in Youths heat, I could not brooke,
 When Confull *Plancus*, Office tooke.

Ode XVI.

Ode XVI.

TO MÆCENAS.

All things lye open to Gold, but Horace is content
with his owne Fortune, whereby hee is made
happy.

Inclusam Danæen.

DOores strongly barred, and a Brazen Tower,
With carefull Gard of waking dogs had power
From night-Adulterers to haue secur'd:
Fayre *Danæ* in stony walls immur'd,
Had not *Ioue*, and *Venus* both, betray'd
Acrisius, fearefull Keeper of the Mayd:
For they the way knew safe, open the hold,
Were but the god once turned into gold.
More strong then thunder, gold, through armed foes,
Thorough garded Towers of stone, & bulwarks, goes.
The *Argivæ* *Augur's* house, with all his State,
Desire of gaine did wholly rulate.
With gifts the *Macedonian* did subdue,
Strong Citie gates, and proud Kings ouerthrew.

Sea-men are snar'd with gifts, and golden store ;
 " Care, growing wealth pursues with thirst of more.
 Then (deare *Mecenas*) well may I detest,
 To vaunt my selfe with eleuated crest.
 " How much the more, man doth himselfe deny,
 " So much the more, the gods will him supply.
 I poore in state, seeke those that nought desire,
 And, flying, farre from rich mens tents retire,
 And better line, Lord of a slender store,
 Then, were I sayd to hoard vpon my flore,
 What the *Apulian* painfully hath till'd,
 And in great wealth be poore, and neuer fill'd.
 My streame of waters pure, my little Cops ;
 My certaine hope of happy fruitfull crops,
 From him is hidden in my better chance,
 Who Empire in rich *Affrick* doth aduance.
 Though me *Calabrian* Bees, no Honey giue,
 Nor wines in *Lastrigonian* Flaggons, line
 Till age make good the tast, though no man knowes
 That my rich fleece in fertile *Gallia* growes.
 Yet from me, craving pouerty doth flie ;
 Nor should I aske you more, will you denie.
 I, better will with limited desire,
 Pay *Cesar* little tributes, then aspire
 By greatnesse, to vnite the *Phrygian* plaine,
 To *Alliatts* ample state, and Princely raigne.
 " Who much desire, want much: He richly liues
 " Whom God, with sparing hand sufficient giues.

With gifts the Mithridates did subdue
 And Kings of Persia, and of Indus, and of Indus.

Ode XXIV.

Against couetous rich men.

Intactis opulentior.

Admit thou richer wert by farre,
Then th' *Arabs* Mines vntouch'd, or *Indies* are:
Say, with deepe piles thou land maile gaine
From the *Tyrrhenian*, and large *Pontique* mayne,
Since Fate' gain'd greatest men preuailes,
Transfixing them with *Adamantine* nayles,
Thy mind with feares perplex'd must be,
Nor canst thou from death's snare thy life set free,
The sauage *Scythians* better liue,
(Who in their Carts, vnconstant dwelling drine)
And rigid *Getes*, whose common ground
Doth in full store of *Corn* and *Fruits* abound,
And loue their tillage to extent,
No farther then the yearely season's end:
So as whilst one man weary lies,
The next succeeds, and with like paines supplies:
The Step-dame, there, in peacefull law,
Commands her mother-wanting sonne in law:

Nor wife, though rich, her husband swayes,
 Or, to Adult'rer spruce, her selfe betrayses.
 " A vertuous Parent euer giues
 " A plenteous Portion, when his child, that liues
 " Constant to one, from others flies,
 " Fearefull of sinne, for which the guilty dies.
 Oh, who desires to take away
 All impious slaughters, and each ciuill fray:
 If hee the Citie's Father, care
 On statues to be stil'd. Ah ! let him dare,
 (So shall he future glory gaine)
 Loose liberty with bridle to restraine.
 But vertue (liuing) we despise,
 And much admire it, taken from our eyes.
 What need complaints be sadly spent,
 If vice be not cut off with punishment?
 What profit Lawes, in yaine compos'd,
 Without good lines? If neither Climes expos'd,
 To parched heates: Nor Northren starre,
 Nor snow hard cruised, can the Merchant scarre:
 Wise Marriners, through rough Seas flie,
 The greatest imputation (*Pouertie*)
 Bids vs doe that, or suffer this,
 Yet doth the painfull way of Vertue misse.
 Then goe wee to the Capitall,
 Where vulgar voyce, and troupes of friends doe call:
 Or let vs in next Sea be bold,
 Our gemms, and precious stones, with fruitlesse gold,
 The roots of many illsto cast.
 If thou wilt fully sinnes repentance cast,

Let this first scope thy thoughts inspire,
To raze the Elements of foule desire:
And in minds tender, apt to ill,
Seeke thou the sharpest studies to instill:
Youth nobly borne, as yet vntride,
Feares hunting sport, and speedy horse to ride:
Farre better skill'd *Greeke Tops* to ply,
Or *Dice*, which ancient *Romane Lawes* deny:
Whilst his false Syre, with cunning wiles,
His fellow-neighbour, and his guest beguiles,
And all this, that he may prepare
Great heapes of riches, for his worthlesse heyre.
" Thus, though vile riches grow: yet will
" Something to our weake state be wanting still.

Ode XXVIII.

TO LYDE.

Hee perswadeth Lyde, to spend the day dedicated
to Neptune, pleasantly.

Festo quid potius dic.

ON Neptune's feast what else doe we?
Straight (*Lyde*) broach and bring to me

Cecubian wines layd vp in store,
 And let strong wisdomie sway no more.
 Thou seest, 'tis mid-time of the day,
 And yet, as if swift time did stay,
 A Butt, thou spar'st, was Cellar-stall'd,
 When *Bibulus* was Confull call'd.
 With mutuall Songs, weele *Neptune* please,
 And the greene-hayr'd *Nereides*.
 On crooked *Lyre*, sing thou with Art,
Latona, and swift *Cynthia's* dart:
 Whilst our last straine, her praise vnfold,
 Who *Cnidos*, and bright *Cyclads* holds;
 And *Paphos* with payr'd *Swans* doth view;
 Yet (*Night*) weele pay thee Verses due.

O/e XXIX.
 TO MÆCENAS.

*Hee inuiteth him to a merry Supper, laying publique
 cares aside.*

Tyrrhena regum.

O H my *Mæcenat*, sprung from royall straine,
 Of *Tyrrhene* Kings; Behold, I doeretaine,
 Long since by me reserued, to be thine,
 A vessell, yet vnbroach'd of milder wine;

Soft

Soft rosie flowers, for thee I will prepare,
 And supple Vnguents, pressed for thy haire.
 Then fly delays, and do not still behold
 The hill declining *Æsula*, and cold
 Moyst *Tybar's* Towne. Nor let thy eyes abide,
 On clifts of *Telegon*, the Parricide.
 Leauē off to heare, successfull *Rome* reioyce,
 In smoaky hopes, much wealth, and vulgar voyce.
 To great men, changes oft tim s gratefull are:
 And vnder humble roofes, neat frugall fare,
 Without rich hangings, or gay purple state,
 Doth the most carefull brow to mirth dilate.
 Now bright *Andromeda's* refulgent Sire,
 Shewes to this vnder world, his hidden fire:
 Now *Procyon*, and the raging *Lyon* swayes,
Phabus reducing dry, and parched dayes.
 The Shepheard ty'd, with his faint flock doth lie,
 To find coole shades, or trembling current nigh.
 And rough *Syluans* thickets: while the shore
 Becalmed stands, from winds tumultuous rore.
 Meane time the good of *Rome*, in mind you beare,
 And for her much sollicitous, you feare
 What *Seres* plot, or *Bactria's* *Cyrus* state,
 Or, *Tanaïs* warlike dweller perpetrate.
 All-knowing god, with cloudy night doth close
 Euents of future times, and laughs at those
 Who beyond reason feare: thy present state
 See then with equall mind thou moderate.
 All other things, like to a River's source,
 Which in the middle Channell of his course,
 Now

Now to the *Tyrrhene* Sea in silence straves ;
 But when fierce torrents quiet Rivers raise,
 He then in heaps rowles down with dreadfull sound
 Stones billow-gnawn, & trees torne from the ground.
 With house, and cattell borne along the flood,
 Frighting the hill with noyse, & neighbouring wood.
 Hee Master of himselfe, liues merry dayes,
 Who (this day I haue liued) truly sayes;
 To morrow (*loue*) with black clouds heau'n embrace,
 Or let the Sunne shew forth her golden face.
 Yet notwithstanding God will not agree,
 That what is passed once, not done shall bee :
 Nor what the once swift-sliding houre hath wrought,
 Will he vnfashion'd leaue, or bring to nought.
Fortune in aduerse chances, sportiue euer,
 And bold in scornfull pastime to perseuer,
 Transferrcth her vncertaine honours : Now
 To mee propitious, instantly to you.
 I praise her, while shee stayes ; but if shee shake
 Her fleet wings, I'll restore what I did take :
 And mee with my owne vertue, will invest,
 Making thin honest poverty my guest.
 Tis not for mee, in prayer time to wast,
 When wracking Southerne wind hath rent the Mast,
 And bargain with the gods my *Tyrian* goods
 May not enrich the wealth-devouring floods,
 When I into such dangerous hazard fall,
 The wind, and *Pollux* with his brother, shall
 Conuey me in a Boat with double Oare,
 Safe, through *Egean* billowes to the shore.

Ode XXX.

TO MELPOMENE.

Horace hath obtained eternall glory, by writing of
Lyrick verses.

Exegi Monumentum.

A Monument by me is brought to passe,
Out-liuing royall Pyramids, or brasse,
Which neither shall consuming rayne abate,
Nor force of Northren tempests ruinate:
Nor Yeares (though numberlesse:) nor Times swift start.
I will not wholly die; my better part,
Shall scape the fullen hearse: Bright Fame shall raise
My memory renew'd, with future praise:
While in the Capitoll the Priest ascends,
With *Vestalls* pure, whom silence so commends.
I (though) of humble straine will be declar'd,
The first, and ablest too, that ever dar'd,
Eolus antique measures to reduce,
To the soft numbers of a *Romane* Muse.

Where

Where *Aufidus* with wrathfull streame doth rore,
 Or *Danaus* poore in waters, reigneth o're
 Rough barbarous Nations. Take to thee a name,
 Which best (*Melpomene*) may sute thy fame.
 And be thou pleas'd, thy vowed Poet prayes,
 To crowne my head with wreathes of *Delphick* bayes.

The end of the third Booke.

THE END OF THE THIRD BOOKE.

To the lost numbers of a *Romane* state.
 To the first, and ablast too, that ever dar'd,
 I (though) of humble strain will be declar'd,
 With *Pelliss* pure, whom licence so commands,
 While in the Capitol the Priest ascends,
 My memory renew'd, with future praise:
 Bright flame shall raise
 I will not wholly die; my better part,
 Not *Tower* (though numberless) nor *Tower* with state,
 Nor force of *Not* ren temples ruinate:
 Which neither shall consuming rayne asperse,
 Our living royal Pyramids, or brass,
 Monument by me is brought to passe.

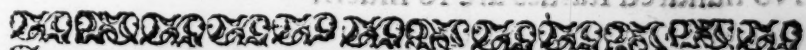


ODES OF HORACE.

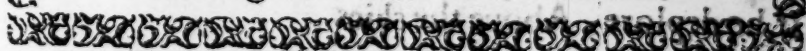
The Fourth Booke.

Ode. II.

TO IULVS ANTONIVS Sonne of
M. ANTONIVS the Triumvir.



It is dangerous to imitate ancient Poets.



Pindarum quisquis studet æmulari.

* **W** Ho Pindarus, with pen elate
(O Iulus) strives to imitate,
Like him, who waken'd wings did frame,
Soone gives the glasse-like Sea a name,

Fire,

Firie, immense, profound, he flowes,
 As from a mountaine rumbling goes
 A Torrent fed with showers, flies o're
 The bankes, that kept him in before.

Apollo's bayes are due to him,
 Whether new words swolne to the brim
 He bold, through *Dithyrambs* throwes,
 While euery foote licentious goes.

Whether Gods, Kings, or Gods allyes,
 He chaunts, who by a iust surprize
 The *Centaures* vanquish'd, and suppress
Chimera's dreadfull flaming Crest.

Or whether he Celestialls sings,
 Th' *Æleas* palme brought home, or brings
 Champion, or horse, his gift is such,
 No hundred statues are so much.

The Bride's deare Spouse (for whom she cryes)
 If he deplore; Aboue the skies
 H'extolls his courage, vertue, giues
 Such life, that (maugre hell) he liues.

A mighty winde doth rayse on high
 The *Theban* Swan: (O *Anthony*)
 While he doth touch the clouds, I flow
 Be-like am fluttering heere below.

Through

Thr'ough woods I fly, and labour sore
Collecting Thyme, and on the shore
Of liquid *Tyber*; I, to make
A verse, poore I, what paynes I take;

A Poet (thou) shalt *Cesar* sing
With stronger lines, when he shall bring
With Lawrell wreathes, forc'd to obay
Fierce Germans thr'ough the sacred way.

Greater then him, or better, none
The Fates haue sent; Nor euer one
Propitious gods shall giue, though wee
The ancient golden Age might see.

Thou shalt the Citties publique playes,
Sing feastiuall, triumphant dayes,
And all the Courts abolish'd iarres,
At *Cesars* comming from the warres.

My voyce's best part then I'le bring
(If worth the hearing awght I sing)
And happy, O faire Sunne will say,
When *Cesar* comes, blest'd be the day.

When thou beginn'st with cheerfull voyce,
I, and the City will reioyce.
With words of triumph; *Cesar* line,
And Incense to the gods wee'l giue.

Ten Bulls, ten Kine thy debt shall pay,
 A tender Calf shall mine defray,
 Which in rich soyle, ta'ne from the Cow,
 Growes neare a Heyfer for my vow.

Vpon whose head you may behold
 Hornes like the Moone at three dayes old,
 With Starre snow-white, though he be red;
 His frised front's embellished.

Ode III.

TO MELPOMENE.

Horace is borne to Poetry, by whose ayde, hee hath
 obtained immortall glory.

Quem tu Melpomene.

ON whom (*Melpomene*) with mild aspect,
 Thou shalt thy fauour at his Birth reflect;
 Him, *Istnian* Labour shall not higher reare
 With Wrestlers title, nor swift horses beare
 By *Grecian* Chariot drawne, for Victors mee'd
 In pompous triumph; nor for warlike deed,

A Captaine in the Capitoll be made,
 And deck'd with *Delian* Bayes, who durst inuade,
 And breake the swelling threats of hostile Kings: -
 But rather those soft-falling gentle Springs,
 Which wash rich *Tybur*, and Groues thickly growne,
 Shall make his worth in *Lyrick* Verses showne.
Rome Queene of Citties, doth no whit disdaine
 Me for the Muses sake to entertaine,
 Amongst the Poets, loued Quires to sit,
 So that I now, am lesse with Enuy bit.
 (Oh thou *Pierian*) which with Harpe of gold,
 Dost in sweet notes harmonious ayre vntold;
 (Oh thou) who if thou please, to Fishes mute,
 The Swan's delicious Song canst attribute:
 It wholly is a gift deriu'd from thee,
 That by each finger, which doth passe by me,
 The *Romane* *Lyrick* Harper they designe.
 That I doe breath, and please (if please) is thine.

F

Ode III.

Ode III.

To the City of Rome concerning the towardlinesse
of Drusus, as also his breeding vnder Augustus.

Qualem ministrum.

* **L**ike to the Princely bird, that through the skies
At Ioue's command with fiery lightning flies;
Of all the winged crue ordain'd the head,
For faithfull seruice to his *Ganimed*.

Whom youth, and native vigour forth hath brought
Labours to try, before not knowne, or sought:
And those soft windes, that fanne the liuely spring
Haue taught, with feare his new flight's mannaging.

Then stirred with more generous heat he flies
Into the folds his strength to exercise:
Or 'gainst fell Dragons, that like force do vye,
Is drawne by hope of food, and victory.

Or as the browzing Goat, intent to meat,
A Lyon sees, late driuen from the teat

Of yellow damme; assur'd, to be ordain'd
To flesh his youthfull iawes before vnstain'd.

Like them was *Drusus* in the *Rhetian* fight,
And their confederate *Vandalls*, in the fight
Wag'd neare the rowring *Alpes*; laske not why
Like *Amazons* these Nations, axesply,

And weild with boyst'rous armes: Nor may we know
Or learne whate're is done; or all things show:
It doth suffice! The Conquerours long, and farre
Defeated; yeeld to this Youth's skill in warre.

They felt what wits, and forward minds could do,
Brought vp in happy Pallaces thereto:
And what the tender care *Augustus* vs'd,
Into the youthfull *Neroes* had infus'd.

From valiant Fathers, valiant Sonnes do spring;
As Steeds, and Steeres their in-bred courage bring
From their begetters. Fearefull Doues are food,
Not off-spring of the hardy Eagle's brood.

To natie force, force discipline imparts,
Right education better armes our hearts:
Let manners want, and men though nobly bred,
Wanting their chiefest grace are blemished.

Metaurus dy'de with Punique gore, doth show,
And *Asdrubals* defeat, what Rome doth ow.

To the fore-going *Nero's*, and the day
Which *Latium* chear'd, and first draue night away.

The day first grac'd with stile of fortunate
Since *Hannibal* so shooke the *Romane* state;
And flew through all, as flames through Torches fly,
Or Easterne windes through straights of *Sicily*.

Since which the *Romane* youth to warfare bred
In braue atchieuements still haue flourished:
And righteous gods their Temples now enioy,
Which Punique warres did impiously destroy.

Tir'd with our warres false *Hannibal* did say,
We Harts, ordain'd for greedy Woules a prey;
Do follow those, whom to deceiue, and fly
To vs might be accounted victory.

A Nation that renown'd for valour came,
From sack of *Troy*, from burned *Illium's* flame:
And toss'd on rough *Hetrurian* Seas, at last
In *Italy* Gods, Syres, and children plac'd.

Like spreading Holmes in *Algidus* that grow
Where shady trees with sable branches flow;
If cut by harder Axe, they more abound,
Receiuing life, and vigour from the wound.

Nor *Hydra* stricken, more her strength renew'd
Gainst *Hercules*, who scorn'd to be subdued,

The fourth Booke.

473

No greater wonders *Thebes*, or *Colchas* shoves,
Where slaughtred monsters yeelded liuing foes.

Throw him as low, as possible you may,
More vigorous he riseth: strength assay,
He foyles his fresh *Antagonist*; His fight
He to his Spouse, or she may well recite.

Carthage no more shall heare my victories,
Gone, Gone are hopes, yea possibilities
Of Conquest; when great *Asdrubal* was slaine,
My fortune dy'd; since then reputed vaine.

The power of *Claudius* all things can effect,
Whom mighty *Ioue* doth graciously protect:
His weighty projects, and cares piercing far,
Preuent all dangers of the sharpest war.

And better both the Sun, translate his rays,
Who joyfull to the dayes,
For where thy Spring-like face doth beam's clear
(Good Cases) on thy Country light reuer,

Like as a Mother (when the Southerne wind
Her sonne with chubbs to her hart cometh,
Beyond the billows of *Capharus* straight
More then a year:) His home returns with light

With vowes, and prayers; And the gods implores,
Her eye not stirring from the crooked shore,
So broken with their faithfull hearts desire,
Thy Country (*Cesar*) doth thy selfe require.

Behold the Oxe, safe, wand'reth vp and downe;
Ceres, and bright *Felicy* doe crowne,
And feed the Land. Through Seas by *Neptune* tam'd
The *Saylers* fly. Faith feareth no beblam'd.

No chaste house, with *Adonis*'s defil'd
Custome, and Law, hath spotted sinne exil'd,
For Sonnes like *Syres*, & Mothers we commend,
" Companion punishment doth vice attend.

Who feares the *Parthian* now, or *Scythian* bold;
Or *Monsters*, which rough *Germany* doth hold,
Yea *Cesar* being safe, who will regard,
That fierce *Iberia* stands for Armes prepar'd.

Each man within his owne hills shuts vp his way,
And bount the widow *Elme* doth *Vines* display.
Then, as like to his banquet he retires,
And thee a god, in second *Cups* admires.

With many prayers, he doth his Vowes enflame,
And powres full goblets out vnto thy name;
Thy Godhead seeking with his *Warts* to please,
As *Ceres* their *Caster*, and great *Hercules*,

(Good Caesar) render long repose we pray;
 To glad *Hesperia*: This wee (sober) say
 When day first breaks: This moystned, when to rest
 The Sun invites vs, waning in the West.

Ode VII.

TO LVCIVS MANLIVS TORQVATVS.

~~~~~  
 Since Time changeth all things; let vs live merrily.  
 ~~~~~

Diffugère nives.

NOW snowes are quite dissolu'd, fresh grasse we see
 To fields return'd, and leaues to eury tree,
 The earth with various change each season rankes,
 And falling Riuers glide within their bankes.
Aglaia naked dares vpon the ground,
 With Nymphes, and her two sisters dance a-round,
 Hope not in mortall things, the yeare doth say,
 So warnes the houre which circumvolues the day.
 Soft Western windes, on Winter mildnesse bring,
 Soone wither'd Summer, weareth out the Spring,
 Then mellow Autumn, powres his fruits amaine,
 And instantly dull Winter turnes againe.
 Yet speedy Moones these heau'nly harmes restore,
 But when we hence depart; where, gone before,

Rich

Rich *Tullus*, good *Aeneas*, *Anchises* stay
 We are burdust; like shadowes passe away.
 Who knoweth whether the celestiall powers,
 Will adde to this dayes summe, or morrow's howers?
 Your greedy heire in nothing shall haue part,
 Of what you (liuing) gave with bounteous heart.
 But when you once are dead, and powers diuine,
 To you, an equall sentence shall assigne;
 Nor bloud (*Tarquatus*) then, nor fluent vaine,
 Nor piety, can life restore againe:
 For neither chaste *Hippolitus*, was free,
 By *Dian* set, from hell's obscurity:
 Nor for his deare *Pyrrithous*, the paines
 Of *Theseus* could dissolue *Lethe*'s chaines.

Ode VIII

There is nothing which can more immortalize man,
 then Poets Verses.

Donarem pataras.

I Would to friends giue freely (*Censorine*)
 Picees of richest Plate, and Bowles for Wine.

Three-footed Tables, (valiant Greekes reward:)
 Nor from my choycest gifts should you be barr'd,
 Were I with Artfull figures furnished, as wood cut
 Which *Parthas* drew, or *Scopas* pourtrayed.
 In colours that, in stone this other bold,
 A man sometimes, sometimes a God to mould.
 But I have not this power: Nor doe I suppose,
 Your wealth; or wish, wants such delights, as those.
 You verses loue, for Verse we make a thift,
 And know what price to set on such a gift;
 Not Marbles with deepe Characters engrau'd,
 By which to valiant Captaines life is sau'd,
 And spirit after death: Nor speedy flight,
 Nor threats of *Hanniball*, reiected quite:
 Not flames of *Carthage* better sound his praise,
 Who did his name from conquer'd *Affrick* raise,
 Then *Ennius* Muse: Nor can reward be wonne,
 If paper tell not, what was brauely done.
 What would become of *Mars*, and *Ithys* brood,
 If spitefull silence, *Romulus* withstood?
 The strength, and grace of Poets powerfull wit,
 Makes *Eacus* in fields *Elizian* sit,
 Snatched from *Stygian* floods. "Muses denie,
 A man deseruing praise should euer die.
 "Muses giue heau'n: So *Amur* lesse *Hercules*,
 In *Ioues* wish'd Banquets doth his palate please:
Castor and *Pollux* his bright Starre redeeme,
 Storme-beaten Vessels, when they shipwrack'd seeme.
 God *Bacchus* brow, adorn'd with verdant Vine,
 Doth happy issue, to our vowes assigne.

Bright Helion not alone did love transpire
On crisp'd hairs of her Adulteress
Nor his gay til'd garments admitt
His faine Companions, and rich attire.

TO LOLLIVS.

There was not the first, whose faine penne

His writings shall neerer die i verticemidmost the helpe
of verses is forgotten. Hee will sing the prayes of
Lollivs, whose verses he will likewise catch
Are not the first, whose faine penne

Ne fortè credas interitura.

* Think not (I pray) those words shall perill quite
Which I borne neerer lowd i faine
In new, and neuer praes'd i faine
Dispos'd, the voyce with Chords to entertayne.

Although Maonian Homer high haire aspire
Yet must not Pindarus, nor that Fire
Alcaeus, thurper Muse, nor mighty Ovid
Of sage Stesichorus obscur'd remayne.

Not though Andronicus earlie sing sportive verse
Can Thracian Mithras Mithras
The loue doth still flourish the heart respire
That breathed in the Lesbian Sappho's Lyre.

Bright

Bright *Hellen* not alone did loue transferre
 On crisped hayre of her Adulterer,
 Nor his gay tissu'd garments she admire
 His spruce Companions, and rich attire.

Tencer was not the first, whose shafts preuail'd
 From *Cretan* bow; Nor *Troy*, but once assail'd,
Idomenaus, nor *Sebenelus* alone
 Fought Combats fit by Poets to be showne.

Fierce *Hector*, nor *Deiphobus* deceiu'd,
 Are not the first, who direfull wounds receiu'd,
 For chastity of wines, or children deare,
 Fore *Agamemnon* many valiant were.

But vnlamented all, vnknowne they pine
 In tedious night, who want a Mule diuine,
 "Small distance twinn neglected vertuelies,
 "And sluggish life lost in obscurities.

I will not (dearest *Lollins*) admit
 That thou vnhonoured in silence sit,
 And pale Obliuion meane while deface
 Those painfull labours thou didst oft embrace.

Thy prudent mind, which sees by Reason's light,
 Stand's in aduers, and prosperous Times ypright:
 Reuengeth greedy Fraud, becomes not Thrall
 To loue of money, which attracteth all:
 Makes

Makes thee no annuall Conſult for a yeare;
But as a iuſt good Iudge thou doſt appeare,
Who honeſtly preferres 'fore ſordid gaine,
Nor will the gifts of guilty men retaine:

But breaking thorow troupes, which ſtop the way,
Doth Victor-like triumphant Armes diſplay.
I call not happy, men of mighty ſtate:
More rightly him I reckon fortunate,

Who wiſely knowes the gifts of God to uſe,
And ſharpeſt want with grudging nor abuſe:
Who vgly ſinne more dreadeth farre then death,
And dares for friends, or Country ſpend his breath.

Ode XII.

TO VIRGILL.

*Hee deſcribeth the approach of the Spring, and dinueth
Virgil under condition to a Banquet.*

Iam ueris comites.

Southwinds, the Spring attending ſtill,
Now Seas be calme, and Sayles doe fill;
Now Froſts make not the Meadows hoar,
Nor Winter Snow, ſwolne Rivers rore.

The

The lucklesse Bird, her nest doth frame,
 Bewayling *Ira*, and the shame,
 Of *Cecrops* house; and that so ill,
 On Kings rude lust, shee wrought her will.

The Shepheards of rich Flocks rehearse,
 And to their Pipes chaunt rurall Verse:
 And seeke his God-head to appease,
 Whom flockes, and hills *Argadian* please.

These times doe thirstily Seasons send,
 But if (thou *Virgill*) *Casars* friend,
Calenian wines desirest to trie,
 To me with fragrant vnguent sic,

And purchase with a little Box,
 Wine, which *Sulpitius* safely locks.
 New hopes most powerfull to create,
 And bitter cares to dissipate.

To which content if thou agree
 Stay not, but quickly come to me:
 He not (free cost) my cupps carouse,
 As rich men in a plenteous house.

Then leaue delays, and Gaine's desire,
 And mindfull of black Funerall fire,
 "Short folly mixe with Councells best,
 "Tis sweet, sometime to be in rest.

Ode XIII.

Against Lyce.

Who being olde, is become a scorne to young
men.

Audience Lyce:

THe gods haue (Lyce) heard my vow,
My vow is heard. Th'art old, yet thou,
Faine would'st (forsooth) be counted faire,
And quasse, and wanton with the ayre:
And (drunke) with trembling voyce invite
Slow *Cupid*; who takes more delight,
On *Chia's* rosie cheekes to stay,
Both young, and skill'd in Musick's lay,
He restless with swift motion flies,
From wither'd Okes; and from thee hies,
Whom rotten teeth, and wrinkled face,
And head of snowy hayre, disgrace.
Nor can bright *Coia's* Purple's vse,
Or brightest gemms, the Time reduce,
Which once swift-winged *Age* hath clos'd
In publique Calenders dispos'd
Where

Where is thy beauty fled? (Ay mee)
 Thy colour fresh, and motion free?
 What hast thou left of that, entire,
 Which earst inspired amorous fire?
 And me did from my selfe diuert;
 Next *Cynaras*, thou happy wert,
 For pleasing beauty, and sweet grace,
 Discou'red in a louely face.
 But Fates to *Cynaras* did owe,
 Short life, and *Lyce* like the Crowe;
 They heere suruiuing longer hold,
 That seruient young men may behold.
 Not without laughter, and much scorne,
 A flaming Torch to ashes worne.

Ode XIII.

TO AVGVSTVS.

*Honours cannot be ginen to Augustus by the Senate,
 and people of Rome, which may be equiualent to
 his vertues.*

Quæ cura Patrum, quæue Quiritium.

* **W**Hat care of Senators, or Romane state
 May with full honours meede perpetuate
 Thee (*Cæsar*) graud on Statues, or comprize
 Thy vertues in *Rome's* annuall memories.

(O thou of Princes mightiest) where his rayes
The Sun o're habi'able Climes displays;
Who *Vandalls* ignorant of *Latian* rites,
Hast lately taught thy worth in Martiall fights.
For *Dnus* with thy Souldiers hath subdu'd
Swift footed *Brennians*, and *Genannians* rude:
Yea Forts on *Alpine* Mountaines dreadfull growne,
Hath more then once victorious, ouerthrowne.
Then, did the elder *Nero* Battell wage,
And with successe repell the *Rhetians* rage:
Admir'd in fight by all, what slaughters he
Made, where they vow'd to dye for liberty.
As when South-winds on waues tempestuous ride
Whilst thowry *Pleiades* the clouds diuide.
He breaking hostile Squadrons, with full speed
Rush'd through the thickest troupes with fiery steed.
Or as by-forked *Aufidus*, amayne
Runn's bellowing forth along th' *Apulian* playne,
When he with rage, and swelling floods abounds
Threatning a Deluge to the tilled grounds.
On *Claudius* with vast force impetuous goes
Beating downe armed ranks of barb'rous foes.
And with them all cut off, the Earth he strewes
Yet (*Victor*) his whole host in safety views,
Thou force supplying, Counsells to direct,
And gracious gods the Army to protect.
For on the day when *Alexandria's* Port
To thee did supplyant yeeld, with th'empty Court
Fortune, that day, three lustres fully spent
Gauc to thy crowned Battells good euent,

Acquir'd thee praise, and wished honour wonne,
 Those Martiall feates of warfare being done.
Cantabrians, which before yoke neuer knew
 The *Indian*, *Mede*, and wandring *Scythian* crew
 With admiration struck doth gaze on thee
 (The present weale of *Rome*, and *Italy*)
Egyptian Nilus, taught his source to hide,
Ister, and *Tigris* streames that swiftly glide,
 The monster-breeding Ocean, who doth rore
 To the farre distant banks of *Brittish* shore,
 The *Gauls* that feare not death; yea barren land
 Of stout *Iberian* clime, serue thy Command:
Sicambrians vow'd in slaughter to delight,
 Lay weapons downe, adore, and will not fight.

Ode XV.

The prayes of Augustus.

Phæbus volentem.

MY Muse by *Phæbus* was rebuk'd of late,
 For singeing warres, and vanquish'd Cities fate:
 Like those, who in the *Tyrren* Ocean's rage,
 Doe little Sayles aduance. (*Cæsar*) thy age,
 Affordeth plenteous fruits, vnto the fields,
 And to *Ioues* Capitoll our Ensignes yeelds,

From

From *Parthian* Pillars snatch'd, and after iarres
Hath closed *Ianus* Temple free from warres.
Confusion hath with Order rectifi'd,
And wand'ring Liberty in fetters ty'd.
Hath antique Arts recall'd: By which tis knowne
Hesperia's strength and *Latine* name hath growne.
Imperiall pompe hath spread, and glory wonne,
Stretcht from the rising, to the setting Sunne.
While *Cesar* is our Guardian, ciuill warre,
Nor violence, our peacefull rest, shall marre.
Not anger, which swords sharpneth, and confounds
Cities, vnhappy made with mutuall wounds.
Not they for thirst, that drinke in *Ister* deepe,
Shall once refuse, the *Iulian* Lawes to keepe.
Not *Seres*, faithlesse *Persians*, nor the *Getes*,
Nor those, which neere to *Tanaus* haue their seats.
And wee on holy Eeues, and holy Dayes,
Amongst free Cups, to merry *Bacchus* prayse:
With wife, and children, standing in our sight,
(First Gods inuoking with religious Rite)
Will gladly (as our Grandfires did) rehearse,
(And tuning *Lydian* Pipe to various Verse,)
Heroique Captaines, *Troy*, *Anchises* gone,
And braue *Aeneas*, *Cytherea's* sonne.

The End of the fourth Booke.



CERTAINE EPODS OF HORACE

Epod I.

TO MÆCENAS.

Horace will travell with Mæcenas, going to the
Actiack warres against M. Anthony.

Ibis liburnis.

THOU (friend) 'mongst lofty Ships wilt goe,
In slender vessells builded low.
And dost (*Mecenas*) much encline,
To make great *Cesar's* perill thine.
What shall we doe? my life is blest,
If thou suruiue: If not, distrest,

Shall

Shall wee (commanded) idle bee?
 Repose is toyle, if not with thee.
 Or shall w'embrace these paines like those,
 Who seeke not after soft repose?
 We will; And through the *Alpes* ascent,
 And *Caucasus*, which none frequent:
 Yea to the vtmost Western parts,
 Will follow thee, with constant hearts.
 You'le say; by thee what helpe is gayn'd,
 Weake, and in Martiall feates vntrayn'd?
 " In company, Feares little seeme,
 Which we in absence, great esteeme.
 Eu'n as the Bird that sits vpon
 Her naked brood, when she is gone
 Of Serpents sting is more afraid,
 Though wholly helplesse had she stayd.
 This warfare will I vndertake,
 Or any other, for thy sake.
 Not that my Oxen may abound,
 With many Ploughes to till the ground;
 Or Beasts to *Lucan* Medowes sent,
Calabrian feruors may preuent.
 Nor *Tusculum* my pleasant grange,
 Neare the *Circean* walls may range.
 Thy fauour me enough hath stoar'd,
 Which I, as *Chremes* will not hoard
 Within the earth; nor euer shall
 Spend like a wastfull prodigall.

Epod II.

The praise of the Country life.

Beatus ille qui procul negotijs.

HEe happy is, who farre from busie toyle,
 (As elder ages) tills the soyle
 His Father left, with his owne Cattell, free
 From heart-enthralling vsury.
 Hee is not moou'd, when warlike Drummes doe beat,
 Nor feares the angry Ocean's threat.
 Hee Pleas, and Suits abhorres, and doth refuse,
 The grace of mighty men to vse.
 But either doth to tallest Poplars twine,
 The tender off-spring of the Vine.
 And cutting branches thence, which vselesse were,
 Graft those, that better fruit may beare.
 Or, vieweth in some winding valley's maze,
 His wand'ring Herds of Cattell, graze.
 Or, doth pres'd honey in pure vessells keepe,
 Or, sheare his wooll-o're-burnded sheepe.
 But when with mellow fruit ripe *Autumne* crown'd,
 His head vpreareth from the ground.
 How he to tast the grafted Peare delights,
 And grape, that with the Purple fights.

Which

Which to *Priapus*, as a gift redounds,
 Or, old *Silvanus*, God of Bounds.
 Now vnder aged Oke, hee houres doth passe,
 And now reposes on the grasse.
 While from high bankes the gentle riuers glide,
 And Birds their warbling notes diuide:
 Small streames, on purling pibbles murmure keepe,
 To summon soft, and easie sleepe.
 But when lowd *Ioue*, in Winter of the yeare,
 Makes stormy showers, and snow appeare.
 Then hee the hardy Bore, from place to place,
 With Fleet-Hounds, into Toyles doth chace:
 Or with light sticks thin nets he doth display,
 Devouring Thrushes to betray.
 Ah! who in thought, 'mongst such delights retaines
 Least sense, of loue's disturbing paines?
 But if (in part) a modest wife direct
 The house, and children deare affect,
 As *Sabine* carst, or swift *Apulian's* dame,
 Scorch'd with the rayes of *Phæbus* flame,
 Makes sacred fires with old dry wood to burne,
 'Gainst weary husband's wish'd returne:
 And folding gladsome flocks in wouen grates,
 Dryes vp their dugges, which milke dilates;
 Then broaching new wines kept in vessells faire,
 An (vnbought) Supper doth prepare.
 The *Lucrine Oyster* nor the *Guilt-head* bright,
 Nor *Turbot*, yeeldeth more delight;
 If Winter when lowd Easterne tempests rore,
 Driue such vpon our *Terrbene* shore.

Ionian Partridge, nor the *Affrick* bird
Cannot more pleasing tast afford,
To me, who am with vinctuous Oliues fed
From fruitfull branches gathered.
With Sorrell that in Medowes doth abound,
And Mallowes, bodies making found.
Or Lambe, on *Terminus* his Feast that dies,
Or Kidd redeem'd, from Wolfe's surprise.
Amongst these dainties, what content it yeelds,
To see the fed-flocks leaue the fields.
To see the weary Oxe with neck worne bare,
Dragging the turned Plough and share:
And Hinds (the plenteous household swarme)
'Bout shining *Lars* to sit, and warme.
This sayd, rich *Alphius* who money lends,
To lead a Country life intends;
And in the *Ides* his Debts call'd in amaine,
But in the *Calends* lent againe.

Epod VII.

To the people of R O M E.

An Execration of the ciuill warre, raised, on the one side by Brutus, and Cassius; on the other, by Octauian, M. Anthony, and Lepidus the Roman Consulls.

Quo, quo scelesti.

AH Traytors, whither hast you? To what end,
Do your right hands, to sheathed swords descend?
Is there so little yet, of *Latine* blood,
Powr'd on the Champaine fields, or Ocean flood?
Not that the *Romane* should with flames abate,
The Towers of *Carthage*, enuious of our state:
Or *Britton* might (vnconquered to this day)
Be taught, in chaines to tread the sacred way.
But that (which now the *Parthian* would demand)
This Citie should be raz'd by ciuill hand.
'Mongst Wolves, and Lyons this we neuer find,
But beasts produced of a different kind.
Doth Fury blind? Or greater power command?
Is sinne the cause? Oh let me vnderstand?

They

They silent are: Their cheekes are paler made,
 And feares their horror-strucken minds inuade.
 Tis so: sterne Fates doe *Rome* with fury staine,
 And tyrannous offence of brother slaine.
 Which on ensuing ages layd the guilt,
 Since *Remus* harmlesse blood on earth was spile.

Epod XIII.

To his merry friends, that they should passe the Winter pleasantly.

Horrida tempestas.

Rough tempests haue the brow of heauen bent,
 And showers, & snowes, cause thickned ayre's def-
 Now *Thracian* northwinds, sea, & woods affray. (cent.
 Friends, let vs take occasion, from the day;
 While strength is fresh, and vs it well becomes,
 Let Age be lightsome, which the brow benummes.
 Boy, see you broach those elder wines were press'd,
 When *Torquate* first, the Consul's place possess'd.
 Speake not of other things. God will perchance,
 These to their seat, with happy change aduance.
 Let vs in *Persian* Vnguent now delight,
 And with *Cylenian* Harpe put cares to flight.

As

As noble *Chiron* to *Achilles* sang.
 Vnvanquish'd Mortall, that from *Thetis* sprang,
Troy thee expects; which *Simois* rowling Tyde,
 And small *Scamander's* colder streames diuide,
 Whence thou no more (the Sisters so ordaine)
 With thy blew Mother shalt returne againe.
 All Sorrow there, with wine, and Song depresse,
 (Sweet comforts, of deformed heauinesse.)

VERSES



VERSES SVNG IN THE SECVLAR GAMES EVERY CENTVRY

of yeares, pronounced for the safety
of the Romane Empire.

Phæbe, Siluarumq; potens Diana.

* **P***Hæbus*, and *Dian*, grouie Queene
Heau'ns ornaments; as you haue beene,
Still be you honour'd, euer blest;
Graunt what we aske on holy feast.

In which *Sibilla's* verses teach,
Chast Mayds, and Youths not stain'd with breach,
Vnto those gods Songs to recite,
Who on the seau'n-fold hills delight.

Bright *Sol* that in thy shining Carre
Dost call vp day, and banish farre,
Another, yet the same to be:
Then *Rome* none greater maist thou see.

Ilitbya

Ilisha open wombes (we craue)
For ripened births, and Mothers saue,
Whither we thee *Lucina* call,
Or *Cynthia*, which produceth all.

(Goddeffe) bring children forth, and blesse
Ancient degrees, giue good successe
To nuptiall lawes, that those who wed,
May haue a fruitfull marriage bed.

That ten times ten full orbes mature
May vs to Songs, and sports enure :
Thrice in the splendour of day-light,
And thrice in shades of welcome night.

And you truth-telling Fates, to past
Ioyne future fortunes, that may last ;
That stable limits may enclose,
What once to mortalls you propose :

That Cattell may, and Corne abound,
Wherewith faire *Ceres* shall be crown'd :
And wholesome streames, with ayre as pure
May nutriment to plants assure.

Ah *Phæbus* milde withdraw thy dart,
To suppliant Youths thy grace impart :
And Queene of starres, who dost appeare
By-forked (*Luna*) virgins heart.

If *Rome* a worke be of your store,
 And *Troian* troupes held *Tyber's* shore;
 A part enioyn'd their seat to change,
 And with successe from home to range:]

For whom secure through *Troy* on fire
Aeneas chaste in safe retire,
 Free passage op'ned, and gaue more
 To them, then they possess'd before.

O Gods to youth grant manners sage,
 Gods giue repose to quiet Age;
 And vnto *Romulus* his blood,
 Wealth, issue, honour, all that's good.

Let *Venus*, and *Anchises* straine
 Who giue yee Oxen free from staine,
 In warre's atchieuements beare the prize,
 And courteous be to enemies.

The *Median* now by Sea and Land,
 Feares *Romane* power, and conqu'ring hand:
 The *Scythians* now our friendship craue,
 And haughty *Indians* truce would haue.

Now faith, peace, honour, modest looke,
 And vertue scorned, which forsooke
 Our Citty, dares returne againe,
 And blessed Plenty freely raigne.

(*Phæbus*) with radiant bow, diuine,
Gracious among the Muses nine;
Who doth with heau'n inspired Art,
To crazie bodies health impart:

If he Mount *Palatine* will grace,
The weale of *Rome*, and *Latian* race,
To farther times, and better end
May he these *Centuries* extend.

And *Dian*, who holds *Auentine*
And *Algidus*, may she encline
To prayers of fifteene men, and heare
Our childrens vowes with friendly care,

Then I, and all well skill'd in Layes
Phæbus, and *Dian's* name to prayse,
Goe home, with certaine hope that *Ioue*,
And all the Gods these things approue.

The end of the Epods.
